



## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1898

## THE REPORT.

Accompanied by a calm and dispassionate message the President sent the Report of the Court of Inquiry on the blowing up of the Battleship Maine to Congress last Monday, which after being read was given to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

It was a short document, the marrow of which was that the shock that destroyed the Maine was from the outside and probably caused by the explosion of a submarine mine.

The Court were unable to fix the responsibility for the disaster, and that question was left where they found it. On this point our Government and the public are still in the dark.

The message was pacific in spirit and language and should have allayed the war feeling in Congress; but if Washington dispatches of Tuesday morning were truly of credit it had a different effect. It intensified it and in private the President and his message were sharply criticised by a majority of the members of both branches.

The outcome of the trouble between the two nations is as much in doubt as ever. The President, it is said, has a plan for the independence of Cuba, making the Maine matter a secondary question; but unless the present war spirit in Congress subsides it is doubtful if he will be able to execute it.

## LOOKS SQUALLY.

Last Tuesday Congress took the reins into their own hands and unless Spain comes down from her high horse war seems inevitable. Three resolutions recognizing Cuban independence were introduced that day by Senators Frye, Allen and Forraker, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm. Senator Mason made a powerful speech in support of an immediate declaration of war against Spain.

Spain has crowded the President into the background. His message which was sent in with the Court's report on the Maine was unsatisfactory to both branches, and it was decided that McKinley's dallying could be put up with no longer. The Republicans of the House entered into an agreement to fight Speaker Reed and the President, and declare for the independence of Cuba.

Just at present things look squally. Unless Spain backs down it seems as though war must come.

## ANOTHER REPORT.

The Spanish Board of Investigation of the Maine disaster have reported that the ship was destroyed by an internal explosion, in other words, their findings are in exact opposition to the verdict of the American Court of Inquiry.

This was expected and of course creates no surprise. And yet the conflicting reports do not necessarily mean war.

It is not denied in any quarter that *The American Economist*, the official organ of the American Protective Tariff League, is the ablest exponent of the doctrine of home protection issued from the American press. The amount of work and reliable information put into each number of it is simply marvelous. For students of political economy and business men it is an indispensable vade mecum, a storehouse of learning, "a guide, counsellor and friend." The pictorial Supplement which accompanied its issue of March 25 was unique in conception and execution. It gave several hundred cartoons which have appeared in the *Economist* in the last three years illustrating by contrast protection and free trade, the series making a large and valuable book. As an array of pictorial arguments in support of the principles of protection, the American Idea, the Supplement is a signal success.

Southern writers and economists continue to urge a diversification of industries in that section under the stimulus given by the new protective tariff. The *Charleston News and Courier* in a recent issue calls attention to the fact that although the South produced more than 11,000,000 bales of cotton last year, it did not raise enough foods and provision crops to support its own population six months, and has been buying corn, hay and wheat in West, and concludes that the producers of that section ought to follow the example of those now engaged in the enterprise of diversifying industries which have been so greatly encouraged in that section since the enactment of the Dingley law.

President McKinley's thoughtful and conscientious course in determining the final action of the Administration upon the Cuban question is generally commended by citizens and newspapers, irrespective of party. No President, since Lincoln, has had such a grave problem to solve, including it does, not only the difficulties, dangers and assured loss of lives of American soldiers and citizens, if war shall be undertaken, but with these the danger of the introduction of yellow fever from Cuba during the summer months by reason of the constant inter-communication which would be absolutely necessary if war should be entered upon and American troops sent to that island.

Coal mining, which suffered such a depression under the low tariff rates and the general manufacturing and business inactivity accompanying the Wilson law, is being greatly benefited by the higher tariff and reviving industries of the Dingley law. Reports from the Maryland mines say that the industry there "is showing greater activity at this season of the year than at any season in its history," while reports from other sections are equally gratifying and show that the coal miners as well as others interested in the industries of the country made no mistake in voting for protection in 1896.

There is some reason to believe that electrocution will take the place of hanging in this State. The House has passed the bill providing for the execution of condemned murderers by electricity in the State prison instead of by the rope in the county jails.

No one who is interested in the best contemporary French literature can afford to miss the series of sketches and stories by Paul Bourget, which will begin in *The Living Age*, Boston, for April 2. These sketches have been recently published in France, and this is their first appearance in English dress. They are translated for *The Living Age* by William Marchant. They are extremely clever and characteristic.

Last Tuesday the State Senate killed a bill which was intended to open the doors for all kinds of games, sports and amusements on Sunday. As the law now stands incorporated societies have a right to give entertainments for charity on the Lord's Day, with which certain classes are not satisfied, hence the attempt to enact a "Chicago Sunday" law in its stead. But it failed, and the State ought to be thankful for its defeat.

The rapid growth of the protection sentiment in the South is illustrated by a letter received from a Virginia Democrat published in the *New York Star*, in which he declares that the Wilson law was an aggregation of iniquities and that the only objection to Dingley law is that it does not go far enough in the interests of protection.

Congressman John Simpkins of the Cape District died at his home in Washington, D. C., last Saturday after an illness of only four days, the result of grip. He was 34 years old and one of the most popular members of the Massachusetts Congressional delegation. His remains were brought to Yarmouthport and buried there.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

E. M. C.—Wanted, C. O. Ames—Found, G. Evans—Willing, Mrs. Hanson—To Let, D. F. Hanson—Teaming, Mrs. Packard—Opening, D. F. Packard—Teaming, D. M. McGraw—Auditorium, Miss Callahan—Millinery, Mrs. C. H. Stratton—Cooperative Bank—Meeting.

Read the ad "Wanted" by a lady boarder.

Garden and Flower seeds at C. M. Stratton's.

Read the ad "Glasses Found" in this paper.

Milliners are busy on those new Easter hats and bonnets.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Water rates are due today. Walk up to the Captain's office and settle.

The work of appointing municipal officers moves slowly. We hope safely.

This is "April Fool" day. Don't pick up any packages on the sidewalk.

Patriots Day falls due two weeks from next Tuesday. It is a legal holiday.

Just think of it! one thousand beautiful trimmed hats and no two alike at McGrath's.

A few tickets can be procured at the door tonight for the Women's Minstrel Show.

Some vandals destroyed considerable leather at some of the factories the night lately.

Have you seen the \$28.00 bicycle made by Pope Manufacturing Co. at C. M. Stratton's?

Lyceum Hall will be crowded this evening. The Minstrel Show draws like a 6-ox team.

The opening of the baseball season is close at hand. How about our local teams?

Whist parties are beginning to lose their attractions. Minstrel Shows are all the go just now.

Where did he get those Easter Ties? heard at our window daily, McGrath got them in New York.

The Celtic Association will give a Minstrel Show on May 4. Further particulars will be given later on.

Lose no time if you have not seen McGrath's display of Millinery. It is ahead of the big Boston stores.

Copehand & Bowser are opening some very stylish spring goods for ladies. They are up to date.

With the Pope Mfg. wheels, in all prices, it is probable Mr. C. M. Stratton will sweep the board this season.

After a very pleasant excursion in the West Mr. Willard R. Sawyer has returned to his home in this city.

A treat for the ladies to visit McGrath's Millinery Department. It is simply elegant; opening there this week.

The Board of Public Works will hold a meeting next Monday evening when it is expected a Clerk will be chosen.

A. L. Richardson & Brother talk of moving their business to or nearer Boston. We should be sorry to see them go.

G. A. R. Post 33 will have the management of the Memorial Day services this year. Post 161 lead off last year.

James McGrath is the legal Agent and Manager of the new (Johnson) Auditorium. He will busie himself for patronage.

Everybody is just aching for the opening of the Women's Minstrel Show this evening. Seems as though they couldn't wait for it.

Cameo & Crove have as nice this year's strawberries as ever grew. They are fine and only 30 cents for large boxes. Cheap enough!

Rev. James L. Fowle will probably remain a year in this country before returning to his labors in the Foreign Missionary fields.

There ought to be a very large attendance at the lecture of John B. Koehne at First church this evening. It is the last of the series.

The buds on trees and shrubbery are swelling and putting out in great shape. Never was there such a March as the one that closed yesterday.

Brooks' Woburn is the best preventive of "spring fever" that there is in the market. And it is said that a 50 ounce of preventive is worth more than a pound of cure.

Coal mining, which suffered such a depression under the low tariff rates and the general manufacturing and business inactivity accompanying the Wilson law, is being greatly benefited by the higher tariff and reviving industries of the Dingley law. Reports from the Maryland mines say that the industry there "is showing greater activity at this season of the year than at any season in its history," while reports from other sections are equally gratifying and show that the coal miners as well as others interested in the industries of the country made no mistake in voting for protection in 1896.

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We have some bargains in Ladies Kid, Button and Lace BOOTS, SIZES: 21, 3, and 21

Which we will sell less than cost to make.

We also have what is called Ladies' full ankle Boots, Opera Toe, and very stylish, for \$2.00 and \$2.50.

J. LEATHÉ,  
125 Main St., Woburn

— March came in middling lamblike and went out with a whew. It rained some time Wednesday night; that turned to snow Thursday morning, and that was followed by a mixture of rain and snow. It was not a real comfortable day.

John R. Carter, who is considered a good judge of such matters, said that John B. Koehne's lecture last Tuesday evening was the best he ever heard on any subject. The community owe it to the lecturer and Rev. Mr. Scudder to fill First church to the doors tonight.

Rev. Mr. Packard of the Methodist church preaches the last sermon of the Conference year on Sunday next. It is not entirely certain we understand whether Mr. Packard returns to Woburn for another year or not; if not this will be the last opportunity for his people to hear him.

Clarence Littlefield, the new Chief of the Fire Department, will take possession of his office next Monday, April 4. He has been there before and made a good Chief. He and Mr. Ferrin have alternated as incumbents of the office a good many years, and Mr. Littlefield now has his innings.

A string of boy substitutes rods long stood at the door of Whitcher's drugstore at 4:30 last Saturday morning to secure reserved seats to the Women's Minstrel Show this evening, and kept going in and coming out until the hour of sale closed. There was never such a rush for tickets in this town—never.

Mrs. C. Packard's Millinery Opening takes place next Tuesday and Wednesday, April 6 and 7. Mrs. Packard has secured a trimmer the services of Miss M. J. Danau, recently with one of the largest New York City Millinery houses, and will be prepared to show some elegant designs in trimmed hats and bonnets.

Those people who have heard the lectures of John B. Koehne at First church this week say that nothing equal to them in literary and historic merit has ever been given in Woburn. The series will close this evening with masterly production—a composition that takes the highest rank among lyceum lectures.

Capt. Hanson and James Durward, Jr., went out Monday afternoon for a bit of rifle practice. They are keen-eyed and the best shots among us; "but oh, la!" said Capt. Hanson, "of course Jim won; nobody in these parts has any business with him in a shooting match." All the Durwards are famous marksmen.

— Last week Mr. T. George Beggs of Confluence, Pa., was seen shaking hands with many of his good Woburn friends. The pleasure of the meeting was mutual.

— The ground around here was quite well saturated by the rain Tuesday night. Perhaps it will start the grass to grow and set other vegetation sprouting.

— Mr. Frank C. Nichols, the ice dealer, was on the streets last Saturday, the first time in two weeks. He had been suffering with quite a serious attack of illness.

— Mr. Daniel S. Jones of this city has been appointed by the Burlington town authorities Inspector of Cattle and Provisions, for which office he is entirely competent.

— Our friend, Rufus R. Whitten, went into Boston last Saturday to witness the closing scenes of the great Sportman's Show at Mechanics Building and presumably enjoyed it. The average daily attendance on the Show was 14,000, and on "Maine Day" it was 17,000, making a total for the 12 days nearly 150,000. It was a big success.

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— The ground around here was quite well saturated by the rain Tuesday night. Perhaps it will start the grass to grow and set other vegetation sprouting.

— The first house from Montvale ave. on Eastern ave., a nice large one, with modern improvements, close to electric, and near the business centre, is for rent at a very low figure.

— "Red Clover" is recognized by the medical fraternity as a standard remedy. The Dover (N. H.) Medical Company are the proprietors. For sale at Wilecox's Pharmacy.

— It is gratifying to be able to announce that the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx will give a concert and ball at Armory Hall on Friday evening, April 15, with Tripp's Orchestra for musicians. The concert will consume the time from 7:45 to 8:30, at which latter hour the dancing will begin and continue until midnight. Great preparations are being made for the affair.

— Mrs. Lydia G. Chadbourne of Lewiston, Maine, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker of 60 Pleasant st., and other relatives and friends here. She will remain two or three weeks this being her annual visit. Not many years ago Lydia G. Walker was one of the most popular teachers in our public schools and her friends are counted by scores.

— To our thinking the fine Calliope organ at Cineo & Crov's are much more delicious eating just at the present time than oranges. They are fair to look upon, but that is but a small part of the story, it is in the tasting of them that their virtues are brought out in the boldest relief.

— An extra squad of policemen were unable to prevent considerable horse and bicycle racing although they were out in the boldest relief.

— A short time ago Capt. John P. Legg, Charing, in plumbing were ordered at the Cedar school. The matter was referred to the Drawing Committee with full powers. The Woman's Relief Corps suggested some changes in books in anticipation of the celebration.

— Mrs. John Knight of 24 Sturgis street is probably the oldest person in this city. She was born in 1805, and a smaller old lady it would be hard to find in the county of Middlesex. She retains her faculties in a remarkable degree and is one of the most enterprising narrators of old time events that we have among us. It is a treat to hear her talk. And besides, she is a devout, constant Christian woman.

— Missing his wife from Monday evening Mr. Edward Lynch of Walnut street is on the floor dead. A physician was called who pronounced the cause of death heart failure. She was an elderly woman, and her end must have been sudden and painless.

— Legg, the leading photographer in this city, has recently executed a crayon portrait of the late Hon. M. T. Allen with which Mrs. Allen and her sisters are highly pleased, and is one that those who have seen it pronounce as near a perfect likeness as it is possible for art to reach. Not only is the picture an exact counterpart of the original but its execution is without fault and brilliant, and Mr. Legg well congratulates himself that they will please the hon. ton of Woburn and vicinity.

— Mr. Frank Fowle is about buying out his partner, Mr. Frank W. Clemson, in the knife and saw business on Salem street. The factory is doing a large amount of work, the demand for which is good. Mr. Fowle, a traveling salesman for the firm, returned from the Middle West last week and reported a large lot of orders for the knives. He was pleased with the success he met with out there. The plant is a valuable one, being one of the only four in this country, and the demand for its goods increases rapidly.

— Speaking of the Mystic Parkway suggests the thought that our city authorities should get the State Park Commissioners out here soon to consider the proposition of extending that beautiful drive to Woburn over a route which they took a superficial look at last fall, and to see if they cannot be prevailed on to begin work on it this season. It will be remembered that the proposed way would skirt Horn Pond on the west, crossing at the northern end, and running up the brook to what will be the Public Library Park when completed. It would make a delightful drive from Woburn Centre to West Medford, and ought to be a great attraction.

— We observe as go about town a fairly rampant war spirit among the people. It appears to be growing somewhat, and stalwart young men are not wanting who, if occasion demands it, will enlist to fight Spain, a semi-barbarous nation whose existence long since ceased to be necessary or desirable. It is expected that the Phalanx will be on deck at their country's call, and there are no better marksmen or more patriotic men in the States than Capt. Hanson's boys. Woburn can be relied on to do her duty in the brief squabble that will precede Spain's liberation from the map of the world, such a thing is deemed best by Capt. Hanson.

— It was learned here last Monday that John McCormick, who was steward of Mishawum Club several years, and from 1892 to 1898 landlord of the Central House, died at his home at 100 St. John N. B., last week after a long illness. A

THOSE of our lady friends who are thinking of new dresses for the coming season, will do well to remember that the best results in the fit and style of a dress depend very largely on a rightly constructed corset. In our

## CORSET DEPT.

We have a number of the best kinds, justly celebrated for excellence of make and for perfect form. Light-weight Corsets for summer we have in different grades and styles, with all attention to our "Madras" Corset, made of Lonsdale Cambric and a Corset that is an ideal one for the warm season. Our Corset Waist Dept. and the famous Royal Worcester, Thompson's Glove Fitting, Armorside, are familiar and well-known names. Our Corset Waist Dept. with its lines of different priced Waists for Children, Misses and Ladies we would like to have you look at when in need of these goods.

## COPELAND &amp; BOWSER.



## After Sickness.

When strength comes back slowly—when every movement is an effort, you need a gentle stimulant. You want a tonic. Our Beef, Iron and Wine is prepared carefully from the very best materials. It helps to build up the weakened nerves and makes rich, strong blood. We give it .65c. a bottle.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,  
361 Main St.

## A SOUTHERN BARBECUE.

A Northern Traveling Man's Diversing Experience in Louisiana.

"I was down south last fall," said the drummer, flicking the ashes from his cigar and tilting his chair to a comfortable angle. "Got caught for a week by quarantine in a little backwoods town in Louisiana, 'in the piney woods,' as they call it there, and the things I saw during that week would fill a book. Among other things I saw a barbecue. Ever been to a regular, old-fashioned southern barbecue? Well, I have, upon its native heath and in its most primitive state, I guess. Really, I think the people sort of got up the barbecue for my benefit as a kind of public entertainment in my behalf. The four rings, however, of most historical interest were those presented by Pope John to King John. The monarch was urged to note with extreme care the shape of the rings, their number, color and matter. The number 4, being a square, typified firmness of mind, fixed steadfastly on the four cardinal virtues. The blue color of the sapphire denoted faith, the green of the emerald hope, the red of the ruby charity and the yellow of the topaz good works. The rings themselves represented eternity, with neither beginning nor end. Gold, which was the master, and according to Solomon, the most precious of metals, signified wisdom, more to be desired than riches and power.—Chicago Record.

"The barbecue was given at what they called the 'picnic grounds,' a little grass grown, underbrush cleared space at the rise of a hill. Preparations for the affair began the day before. Among other things a greased pole was erected, and a couple of old negroes were sent down the hollow by the fire to dig the trench for the barbecueing. The process seemed a very simple one. All there was to it was just a ditch about 15 or 20 feet long, 3 feet deep and 4 feet wide.

"In the bottom of this the men collected some pine splinters, kindled a fire and then fed it with oak and hickory and ash wood till they had the ditch half full of glowing coals. "This took them well into the night, you see, and before day they cut a lot of slender oak saplings into lengths and laid them at intervals of eight or ten inches across the ditch over the fire. Along about this time the men beat the meat. A whole beef they had and three muttons, and when they spread them out on the green saplings over the glowing coals those great, brawny, bearded men, with the light from the pine torches glancing on their faces, looked like a race of cannibals preparing for an orgy. "All night they staid there, the good fellows, with forks and spits to turn the meat, and with great long handled mops which they dipped in melted lard and vinegar to baste it. And maybe you think it wasn't good, that barbecued meat. Just wait until you taste some. There's nothing like it.

"But the people! Before day they began to come, covered wagons and ox carts full of them—men, women and children. And the baskets they brought full of biscuits and corn pones and sweet potatoes and custard pies and cakes! I don't think I ever saw so much to eat all at once in my life. And the watermelons! Wagon loads of them were put in the branch to cool. And tubs of sweet cider big enough to float in!

"After dinner the fun began.

There were foot races, sack races, jumping contests, greased pole climbing and greased pig chassing.

"Now, among my acquaintances was a small boy named Tige, or, at least, so called; a redhaired, freckled lad, son of the man I boarded with. Tige and I were good friends, but a lazier lad I never saw, so somehow I was surprised when he appeared as one of the contestants for prizes. However, he did not enter either of the races nor the jumping contest.

"But when it came to the greased pole, lo, the freckled Tige led all the rest! The way that chap stuck to that slippery sapling was a caution, and when he reached the top none cheered louder than I. The same way with the greased shoot. Tige was simply 'onto' the pig and staid there.

"By right of being a guest and therefore to be honored it fell to my lot to award the prizes. Tige was to receive a six bladed pocket-knife and a pair of spurs—hardware in my line, you know." The drummer interrupted himself quite unconsciously, "and when the little scamp came up to get them I caught a wink in his other eye that seemed sort of suggestive.

"Tell me how you did it, Tige." I said when I had given him his prizes with appropriate remarks.

"I ain't no fool, if do have fits," he said, still winking.

"But we are friends," I urged.

"An havin' keepin'?" he asked.

"Yes, havin' is keepin', sure, said I.

"Coming quite close to me, he whispered frantically and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Pine rosin'!"

"Then, holding out his palms and turning up his heels, he cut and ran. But I understood. The little scamp had taken the precaution to literally cake his feet and hands with fresh, sticky pine gum and so had held his own by right of stratagem."

—Philadelphia Times.

It is noteworthy that the best European sentiment accepts the verdict of the American Naval Board as conclusive proof of Spanish guilt. On this point there now remains no difference of opinion among disinterested men the whole world over.

The main exception reads as follows:

"First, you do not send them according to your tenure of the first new heraldic coat of arms."

"Secondly, you do not cause them to be well balanced in good and strong pasty, as they ought to be, that they may endure the carriage the better."

"Thirdly, whereas you should by your tenure have in these pasty six score herrings at the least, being the great hundred, which doth require five to be put into every pye at the least, we find but fewer herrings to be in divers of them."

"Fourthly, the number of pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Fifthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Sixthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Seventhly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Eighthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Ninthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Tenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Eleventhly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twelfthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Thirteenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Fourteenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Fifteenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Sixteenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Seventeenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

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"Nineteenthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twentiethly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-firstly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-secondly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-thirdly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-fourthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

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"Twenty-sixthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-seventhly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-eighthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Twenty-ninthly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

"Thirtiethly, whereas you understand that the owner of the pyes which you sent at this time we find to be fewest, and which have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken."

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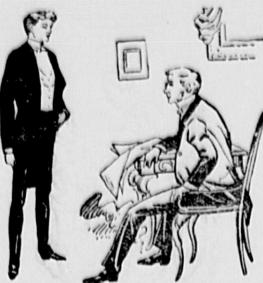
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## Hopeful Words to Childless Women.

The darkest days of husband and wife are when they come to look forward to a childless and desolate old age.

Many a wife has found herself incapable of motherhood owing to some great lack of strength in the organs of generation. Such a condition nearly always due to long continued neglect of the plainest warnings.

Frequent aches and distressing pains

caused by

the womb and ovaries, and generally by irregular and scanty menstruation, indicate a nerve degeneration of the womb and surrounding organs; that unless speedily checked will result in barrenness.

Read Mrs. Wilson's letter:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—No one could have suffered from female troubles more than I. I had tumors on the womb, my ovaries were diseased, and for fifteen years I was a burden to myself. I was operated upon twice, but the tumor was only removed partially; also tried many doctors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me by a lady friend, and after taking four bottles I was like a new woman. I had been married nine years, and had no children. I now have a beautiful little girl, and we feel assured she is the result of taking the Compound.—MAY B. WILSON, 323 Sassafras St., Millville, N. J.

Modern science and past experience have produced nothing so effective in treating diseases of the female organs as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you know a woman who suffers from any disease which is unable to secure relief,

or who is sorrowful because she believes herself barren, tell her to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and ask her advice. The thousands of Mrs. Pinkham's cures are all recorded for quick reference, and a reply will be promptly sent without charge that will direct her what to do.

Mrs. B. BIRCH, 4940 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes:—"It has been my great desire to have a baby. Since taking your medicine my wish is fulfilled."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound: A Woman's Remedy for Women's Ills!

For burns, scalds, changes, and all kinds of skin trouble, Comfort Powder is recommended by

the physicians. It relieves all irritations quickly. Soothes and, of great comfort to mothers and babies.

they were too many for him. However, I think I know the gang, and won't be long before I lay my hand on 'em."

"But my poor dear husband!" Mrs. Wynne exclaimed, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes with an imploring look on the inspector's face.

The inspector did not answer, but he shook his head gravely. You can't recall to life a man once murdered. The only comfort for the well-regulated mind must be the hope of bringing the murderer to justice.

The next morning there was in all the papers a long account of "The Clapman Mystery." A well known member of the Stock Exchange had been surprised by burglars when asleep, and after a desperate resistance had been murdered and the body carried off. And yet all the efforts of the police to discover where the corpse had been hidden had been fruitless. But the investigation having been intrusted to Inspector Bickerdyke, that famous detective had already made an arrest on suspicion. He had succeeded in tricking one of the supposed murderers—the man in the gray suit who was one calculated to excite the most serious apprehensions. There was no sign of Mr. Latymer-Wynne, but there were various indications of a desperate struggle. One of the windows was open below, and between this window and the bed the floor was strewn with fragments of the heavy chima ever belonging to the washstand. It appeared as if this had been used by the unfortunate man as the only thing in the nature of a weapon within reach. More ominous still, a closer inspection revealed blood stains on the carpet.

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## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1898.

## NO WAR.

Sifting the wheat from the chaff, patching together what seems like scraps of reliable information, and realizing the strong peace sentiment prevailing in the Administration and among a considerable group of Congressmen, the conclusion that we are to have no war with Spain appears to be warranted. Since the middle of last week there has been a noticeable cooling down among the advocates of war in both branches of Congress, and McKinley maintains his stand for a settlement of the trouble without the employment of arms and battleships. His spinal column is gaining strength as time passes.

This may all be changed in a few hours and the war cloud reappear more ominously than ever. But if war comes there is to be no undue haste about it. Tom Reed is still at the helm in the House an able to hold his men down; the Cabinet are cool and averse to clash of arms; and besides that, the Spaniards don't want to fight. As matters now stand it is quite safe to conclude that the cloud will pass by and nobody hurt.

April 7. This is all changed and war now seems inevitable.

Last Sunday Shawneetown, Illinois, was nearly swept away by a flood caused by a break in the levee a mile above the town. It came so suddenly that many lives were lost by drowning, and the destruction of property was very great. Nearly all the buildings were swept away and the people were left without food or clothing. An appeal to Congress was made for aid; Governor Tanner promptly responded to the call for help, as did also many surrounding towns. It was the most destructive flood in life and property that ever occurred in Illinois.

From present appearance it is safe to say that the Legislature will not get through their work and go home before June. They hate to quit Boston.

We felt sure all the time that Rev. Berle would find a chance to put in his ear on the war question and he has. It was over in Dorchester Monday night where he left off steam.

The friends of Representative A. S. Wood are talking about giving him another term in the Legislature. There ought to be no objection to it.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

AD-Wanted.  
W. H. Carter, Insurance.  
Ind. School-Appliances.  
Hammond & Son-Neckties.  
License Commissioners-Appliances.

This is Good Friday.

J. E. Boutwell is a reliable job tamster.

L. Waldo Thompson shows a good line of bicycles.

Your new Easter Hat is at Hammon's waiting for you to call.

Cuneo & Crovo's splendid apples go off like hot cakes well buttered.

McCabe's bakehouse is a neat and well supplied as any in Boston.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

The Globe man says the Lexington Street Railroad is being surveyed.

There was another snowstorm Tuesday. Nothing to hurt, but still a storm.

Seen those 25c. and 50c. Easter Ties just from New York at Hammon's?

There is no lack of empty dwellings in this city, but the number is decreasing.

The Stationary Engineers Union will give a ball on next Thursday evening, April 14.

Holdridge, the hardware dealer, has a full supply of all kinds of bicycles to sell cheap.

When the addition contemplated is completed St. Charles church will be the largest in this city.

The Buffers Union have made arrangements for their annual ball on Friday evening, April 15.

The Charitable Society of the Unitarian Church gave a supper and entertainment last evening.

Class '98 of our High School are putting in big licks preparatory to graduation next June.

J. M. Ellis & Son have broken ground for a dwellinghouse at Wyman Green for Mr. C. C. Stone.

Hammond & Son open the spring season with an announcement in the JOURNAL that has a ring to it.

It looks as though there might be considerable building here this season. Several projects are on the carpet.

The latest designs in spring millinery, Miss Grace H. Pollard, No. 19 Abbott street, rear Public Library.

A few pessimists pretend that the new charter has changed nothing for the better. Some optimists are in doubt.

Mr. W. R. Putnam has rented and will make a home for himself and family in the Hertkorn house on Union street.

We put the wool into our garments instead of pulling it over your eyes. Hammond & Son, Leading Clothiers.

Hope Circle will hold a Whist Party at their rooms, Dow's Block, Wednesday evening, April 13th, at 8 o'clock.

In this city bicycles seem to be a legitimate branch of trade in all sorts of business houses. They are very much in evidence.

Walter Andrus talks of bringing suit against the parties responsible for the injuries he received by a coal car running back on him.

Mrs. Lillie G. Chadbourne of Lewiston, Maine, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker at their home on Pleasant street.

C. C. Stone & Co. have sold their provision business to Mr. John Bancroft of Reading.

The Celtic Association are making extensive preparations for their Minstrel Show on May 4. Mr. Dennis Begley will be on deck.

At no period in modern times have eggs been so cheap as they are now. Wonder if "Hosmer Farm" is in any way accountable for it?

Mr. W. H. Cummings has sold the dwelling of late occupied by him and moved into the new one built especially for his future home.

The first week of April was rather discouraging to bees, bees and flowers, but things will get into summer trim soon, so don't let us worry.

The Yankee fruit store opposite the Union Station, Causeway street, Boston, is filled with fine fruit, and is one of the most popular at the Hub.

The Lend-a-Hand Club presented Editor Wetherell with a handsome pair of sleeve buttons for his efficient work in training them for their late show.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green St., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class garment for \$30.00. Call or write.

The regular monthly business meeting of the Towanda Club will be held on Wednesday evening next, April 13th, at 7:45 o'clock, in the Club rooms.

We hear that there is to be a stirring sequel to the Water Registrar imbroglio in a short time. In just what shape it is to appear we have not been advised.

The Co-operative Bank will elect officers for the ensuing year on Thursday, April 14. A spirited contest for the office of Clerk and Treasurer is in progress.

Has anyone discovered signs of building the Lexington street railway? Does anyone think for a moment that it will reach Woburn this crop of potatoes?

Mrs. George H. Taylor of Pleasant street will pass Easter season in New York. The little one was not permitted to accompany her to the metropolis.

There are more dogs in town than necessity calls for. To be sure they came in handy by way of a dog tax, but that is all the most of them good for.

On Wednesday, April 13, the New York State Library School intend to visit the Woburn Public Library. They expect to arrive at 1:30 p.m. and leave Woburn at 4:16 p.m.

Mr. Martin J. Walsh's place as Sewer Inspector was promised to a prominent local politician but the change has not yet been made, and several people think it never ought to be.

A large house greeted John B. Koehne and his final lecture last Friday, and he left here well satisfied with his reception and reward for the best series of addresses ever delivered in the city.

The new Spring Top Coats this season are cut shorter than last year. For young men 34 and 36 inches are the popular lengths. Hammond & Son are showing some superb styles from \$7.50 to \$20.

Mr. Curtis Greenwood, who has been household a good many weeks with rheumatism, was down town last Saturday and feeling fairly well. He is on the mend and when warm weather comes will be all right.

Mr. Amos Cummings has sold out the dry goods business so long and successfully carried on by him in this city. Illness compelled him to retire from active trade, and that was the reason for his selling out. The new proprietors have taken possession and given the establishment the name of "The New York Store."

The Auditors of the Woburn Co-operative Bank, Messrs. Arthur E. Gage, Herbert B. Dow, Marcellus Littlefield, in their annual report for 1897, gave Secretary Arthur W. Whitcher a very handsome compliment for the admirable manner in which he has kept the books of the bank during his long term of service.

James E. Furlong, Herbert S. Dickinson, Lawrence Read and J. C. Finnegan were delegates from the Colonies of this city to the annual session of the Supreme Colony of the Pilgrim Fathers held in Boston last Wednesday.

This is Passion Week. Religious services have been held at First church every evening and will be continued this evening. The topic is to be: "On the Cross. The Place of Self-sacrifice, Luke 23: 26-46." The meetings have been very well attended.

The workmen got it wrong; it is ex-Councilman Lynch of the West Side who is to occupy the new store on Montvale ave. and not Mr. John Lynch, Clerk, etc. The latter will continue to run City Hall instead of going into the tobacco business.

The Swedes Lutherner church on Montvale ave. will be dedicated on April 12. The Society have erected a new commodious house of worship which is a credit to their liberality and to the city. The dedication services will be of an interesting character.

Woburn reporters for the Boston papers appear to be determined that the city shall take the Place property on Salem street for the new school building. Their choice is an excellent one, but the question is, have they had their "palms greased" for advocating it?

A vesper service will take the place of the Easter Concert by the Sunday School at the Unitarian Church next Sunday. Master Gerald Lambert, one of New England's best boy singers, will be the soloist. The JOURNAL is looking for some convictions and conversions among the Board.

Last Monday morning Mr. Clarence E. Littlefield left here in high spirits for the gold fields of Alaska. The balance of the Company will take their departure on the 15th, and overtake Littlefield at Tacoma, to which place he went to buy a sawmill and, with another member, make final arrangements for the trip and a long stay at the new Eldorado. The Company will be provisioned for two years, and go equipped with everything necessary for a successful business enterprise. They hope in that time to make their pile and be able to return to "God's Country" to enjoy their hard earned wealth. Everyone hopes their expectations may be fully realized.

The annual concert and ball of the Phalanx will be given in Armory Hall on Friday evening, April 13th, at 8 o'clock.

In this city bicycles seem to be a legitimate branch of trade in all sorts of business houses. They are very much in evidence.

Walter Andrus talks of bringing suit against the parties responsible for the injuries he received by a coal car running back on him.

Mrs. Lillie G. Chadbourne of Lewiston, Maine, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Walker at their home on Pleasant street.

## THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1898.

We have some bargains in Ladies Kid, Button and Lace BOOTS, SIZES: 21, 3, and 24

The Salvation Army will hold a grand Mass Meeting in Tremont Temple this evening over which Governor Weld will preside. General William Booth, the Commander, will be present and address the people on "The Social and Spiritual Work of the Salvation Army." The series of meetings began yesterday and will close on next Sunday evening.

The finances of the Methodist Episcopal church are in a thrifty and satisfactory condition. On April 1 instant they had an outstanding bill against them, and what was more a sufficient amount was pledged to defray all current expenses during the year just begun. It was a grand good showing, and furnishes additional proof of the fact that the Methodists are an up and doing people.

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Wm. H. Curtis has just opened an office 377A Main street over Moore & Parker's paper store for the Real Estate & Insurance business. He has some very fine houses and estates to sell. He is also agent for Life and Accident Insurance. Type writing neatly and promptly done by Blanche H. Curtis. Orders left at the above office. Houses to let and rents collected.

Those who want to buy horses, carriages, harnesses, etc., or have such property to sell, should not forget the auction to be held by Gilman F. Jones and Charles Hanson & Co. at the Central Stables at 10:30 in the forenoon of Tuesday, April 12. The managers will be present and address the people on "The Social and Spiritual Work of the Salvation Army." The series of meetings began yesterday and will close on next Sunday evening.

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Those who want to buy





face aglow with health and happiness. Putting her arms around her mother's neck, she said:

"Good morning, mamma! Am I late? Forgive me!" Then, releasing the old lady and turning to a small pile of letters lying on a salver placed at one side of the table, said:

"Whom are the letters for, dear? Why, they are all for you, I believe. No," with a pretty uprising of her eyebrows, "except one, and that is for me!" with a charming emphasis on the last word.

The letter was from her lover. With a tender light in her gray eyes, she placed the missive carefully away in her pocket, intending to read it at her leisure, alone and undisturbed.

Then she began her breakfast, watching the while her mother open and read the three or four letters which had fallen to her share.

Presently the old lady uttered a cry of surprise and looked across at her daughter, with wonderment in her eyes.

"Well, *maman*, what's the matter?" with a laugh. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"Well, I am certainly surprised, my dear, for I find you are an *heir*!" answered her mother.

"Indeed!" said Kitty, with a laugh. "That is indeed sufficient to surprise any one who knows anything about me!"

"But this is not a joke," said Mrs. Clive. "This letter is from your uncle's solicitors, telling me he is dead and that under his will you are left everything. Of course there is a condition."

"What on earth is it?" exclaimed Kitty, a little pucker of bewilderment showing itself in her smooth white forehead.

"That you marry your cousin," said her mother. "If you refuse, you lose half the property."

"And suppose he refuses to marry me?" replied Kitty, with a roguish smile.

"Then you have all."

"Then I hope he does refuse, I'm sure!" Kitty said, with a thought of the handsome face she had missed so sorely. "But I never knew I had an uncle, *maman*," she resumed, "at least not living," she added.

Then her mother told her about the quarrel, as set forth already.

"I have been wrong and wicked," she said as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "but I have been punished for it," she added.

Presently she handed Kitty a letter which had been enclosed with the one she had read containing the announcement of her daughter's fortune. "It is from your cousin, dear. Read it and see what he has to say."

But Kitty was not to be so put off concerning the matter of her uncle and cross-questioned her mother why it was she had never told her about him.

"Well, dear, I was afraid you might grow discontented if you knew and would want to leave me. Then, as time went on and I never heard from your uncle, I was nervous of approaching a reconciliation, for I feared he might wish you to go and see him and so separate us."

Kitty, who had left her chair and placed her arms round her mother's neck, kissed her and said:

"Never mind, dear. We have been very happy together, haven't we? Uncle was a bad, naughty man to quarrel with you, you old darling!"

The next day Kitty, who did not look so bright and happy as on the previous morning, started her mother by saying:

"Maman, let me go away from here for a time. Let me go and live somewhere near Holt, and then we can see my cousin there. I do not want to see him here."

Her mother glanced at her sharply, for the last thing in the world she would have dreamed of doing would have been to go away from Monkwood. But Kitty had her way in spite of her mother's protestations. She had it from her babyhood and upward, and it would have been something strange to her if she had not had it then. So it came to pass that she and her mother left the home which had sheltered them for years and took a little villa at Highcliffe, a small seaside town about 40 miles from Holt. From there Kitty wrote to her cousin, telling him her mother and herself would be pleased to see him whenever he liked to run down and make their acquaintance.

When John Holt received his cousin's letter, he lost no time in setting forth on the journey to the little seaside town, filled with a determination to woo and win the girl upon whose answer depended a matter of some £10,000 a year extra for him to get rid of. As the train rushed through the autumn landscape he tried to imagine what the unknown would be like, and the types he pictured were varied.

"But my dear little girl, it is you I want to please. Do you know— with a laugh—" have learned to care for you very much since I have been here, and I want you to give yourself to me and let me take care of you. Will you?"

"But you have seen so little of me, and you might change your mind and—" He interrupted her with a kiss and said:

"Silly child! I shan't change my mind. I love you, and I want you, I shall never love any one else."

"Have you ever cared for any one before?" she queried. "Because I could not marry a man who had."

"Never," he said, telling a lie bravely.

"You are sure?" she asked.

"Positive!" he replied.

"Then do as I tell you. I know it seems rude of me. Go into the hall and wait there until I call you. I want to be alone and think."

He obeyed and left her.

When he returned at her bidding, he found her sitting much the same as when he left her.

"Have you decided?" he asked. "I have." She spoke clearly and slowly. "I cannot marry you."

"Why?" he asked wonderingly. "I thought you cared for me a little. Why cannot you marry me?"

## OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Women Who Have Been Helped From Sickness to Health.

The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system unstrung!

The following letter from Mrs. WALTER S. BANTA, Sparkill, N. Y., tells the story of many women, and shows them how to get relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot thank you enough for all Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I have suffered for years with falling, indolent and ulcerated womb; my back ached, and I was so much distressed I could scarcely walk. I was a burden to myself and did not care whether I lived or died.

"I have taken five bottles of your medicine and it has done wonders for me as all my friends can testify. I can now do my own work, and do not know how to express my gratitude to you for the good your medicine and advice have done me. I owe my life to Mrs. Pinkham."

Mrs. Pinkham's consolers offered free to all women good advice about the health. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Mrs. P. H. H. Lambton, Lambton, Iowa, tells here in her own words how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was in a very bad condition before I wrote to you and began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did not know what to do. I suffered terribly every month, when on my feet would have such bearing-down feeling, was very weak, womb was swollen, back ached, appetite was very poor, also had trouble with my head. I have taken several bottles of your Compound and cannot say enough in its favor. It helped more than all the doctors."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills!

## Comfort Powder

Again there's sound of scrubbing, Again the floor is bare, And the whitewashers are. Are floating in the air, There's trouble in the kitchen, Confined to the hall, For woman is having aching, They do it every day.

A chunk of soap and bucket, And words we can't repeat, Are used when they are sick, In some poor victim's feet.

There's a dash in rash profusion, But it is never seen, Until the clothes are showing, Big stains of brown or green.

Tacks have been scattered, And words we can't repeat, Are used when they are sick, In some poor victim's feet.

The furniture is shifted, To a new room, And in the dust it bruises, The unsuspecting face.

On clotheslines heavy hearts, In dusty silence hang; Put there for worried bairns, To be taken to the druggist.

In vain he makes excuses, Complains of pain in head, For they must all be dusted Before they're dead.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Graph.

## THE ANNUAL COMPLAINT.

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Advised by his steward, the lord of Lambton placed troughs of milk in the way by which the worm must approach to prostrate it. But in the troughs of the river, and in the milk of the cows, there also lay the worm, resembling an eel. This, in disgust, he threw into a well close by, where it grew with such marvellous rapidity as soon to fill it up with its body and limbs, and consequently it was able to scramble out. Then it made for a large rock in the center of the river, and, coiling its tail around it, made it its headquarters by day, while at night it encircled a hill at a little distance from the river on the opposite bank. These are called respectively Wormwell and Wormhill to this day, and the latter is the name of the manor house.

From these its reigns of terror, it would raid the country round, making forays among the farmsteads, sucking the cows, worrying the cattle, eating the lambs and smaller fry, frightening men, women and children and causing them to flee in terror for their lives. Thus it laid waste all the countryside, and soon reached the castle itself, where dwelt the old lord in solitary and gloomy grandeur, the hopeful heir having joined the Crusaders, and set out for Palestine.

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## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1898.

## IT IS WAR.

Unless Spain backs down and withdraws her troops from Cuba she must fight Uncle Sam, and the ball will probably open within a week.

Late Wednesday afternoon the National House of Representatives voted 322 to 19 for immediate armed intervention in Cuba, which was virtually a declaration of war against Spain.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee reported on Monday resolutions even stronger than those of the House. Senator Hoar and "Steve" Elkins are trying to prevent their adoption, but will fail.

It is war unless Spain caves and gets out of Cuba at once.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

Advertiser—To Let.  
G. D. Smith—New Goods.  
J. G. Maguire—Mort. Sale.  
John C. Green—Antiques.  
J. G. Maguire—Tax Notices.  
License Com.—Applications.  
E. C. Locke—Malaria Tablets.  
Mrs. Van Steenberg—Dressmaking.  
City—Pet. on Lexington St. Railway.

The "New East Wind" is here as usual.

Joseph Linell's telephone number is 14-2.

Even some drugstores in town sell bicycles.

Read the advertisement of Hammond & Son carefully.

May 2 will be "moving day"—a tough time for heads of families.

The prospect for several June weddings is good, so we are told.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Heavy rainstorm this morning.

Next Monday night the St. Charles boys give their grand dance.

Lincoln died 33 years ago today.

There is solid meat in the article by "Republican Voter" in this paper.

Our public schools will enjoy a vacation during all the first week of May.

Next Friday evening the Hibernians will dedicate the Auditorium in grand style.

J. Leathem shows a fine line of shoes at his store. He has cut down prices too.

Read about the City Council hearing on Lexington Street Railroad re-monstrance.

The boy choir at the First Church Sunday School Easter Concert was a pleasing feature.

Mr. N. Wilbur Brown has been very sick but is now able to go to his business in Boston.

The ball of the Association of Stationary Engineers last evening was a marked success.

Calman's Orchestra will play for the St. Charles C. T. A. S. ball next Monday evening.

A great crowd attended the auction sale of horses, etc. at Central stables last Tuesday.

We had an agreeable visit from the Associate Editor of the Winchester Star late last week.

The Celtic Association will give a minstrel show on May 4. They are putting on a fine affair.

The South End Baseball Club will hold an assembly at Music Hall on the evening of May 6.

Peruse with care the announcement of a forthcoming May Party in this paper. It will pay.

Miss Lulu Blake has been appointed Clerk of the Liquor License Board at a salary of \$50.

A new brand of street band appeared in town last Tuesday. They made pretty good music too.

We thank Mr. Charles W. Hill for complimentaries to the spelling match last Wednesday evening.

The baseball season has not opened here with much vigor yet. The clubs will be heard from later on.

Piles of people will attend the dance of St. Charles C. T. A. S. next Monday evening at Lyceum Hall.

There is a report that a prominent merchant of this city is about to open a coal yard down the railroad.

Not many Woburn people went to the Winchester Parkway last Sunday. The weather was too threatening.

Round-cornered linen collars are the latest fad. Hammond & Son, leading clothiers, of course have them.

Next Tuesday is Patriots Day, legal holiday in this State. It will be observed in this city in a becoming manner.

The Edict of Nantes which ended persecution of the Huguenots for a time was signed 300 years ago today, April 15, 1598.

Mr. James McGrath has bought out Mr. Amos Cummings' dry goods business and occupies the Cummings store.

Mr. Ben T. H. Porter has carried on the insurance business in Woburn just 40 years. He is one of the richest men in town.

Mr. Curtis Greenwood has a large firstclass upright refrigerator for sale. It is just right for a boarding house or large family.

The situation changes with such rapidity at Washington and Madrid that it is not safe to say much about Cuban matters.

To get fully shut of his malarial attack Mr. Frank C. Nichols may be obliged to sojourn awhile at Littleton's Island, Casco Bay.

At last accounts the condition of Mr. Amos Cummings remained about the same. It is hoped he will recover and get about again.

The large flock of wild geese that flew north last Tuesday morning were in the shape of a V instead of a W, which means no war.

Cotton cloth at 3 1/2 cents a yard ought to be cheap enough for anyone. Smith has it at that price also all grades and widths of better goods.

It is given out for a fact that Richardson Brothers are about to move their business nearer Boston. They figure it that a change will pay.

Last Thursday evening the City Council confirmed Mr. George F. Hartshorn City Engineer and instructed the City Clerk to so inform him.

This evening the grand concert and ball of the Mechanic Club comes off at Armory Hall. The music will be furnished by Bates's Orchestra.

George T. Connor is doing a fine business in his line of merchandising. His stock is up to date, and the women folks like to trade at his store's fixture.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green St., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write.—J. LEATHEM.

425 Main St., Woburn

—James O'Brien of East Woburn, about 17 years old, employed by Mr. Edward Caldwell, the furniture dealer, stepped off from the freight elevator at that establishment on Tuesday forenoon and fell about 20 feet to the hard sidewalk below. He had one of his wrists broken, one eye badly hurt, and internal injuries were feared. He was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital.

The Middlesex Fourth District court now includes Woburn, Winchester, Reading, Stow, Wilmington and Burlington, the town of Reading having been recently added. The population of these places in 1895 was 36,230, and is probably now not less than 40,000. It is a Court of Record, with a jurisdiction, territory, and otherwise, of respectable dimensions.

Wm. H. Curtis has just opened an office, 372A Main street over Moore & Parker's paper store for the Real Estate & Insurance business. He has some very fine houses and estates to sell. He is also agent for Life and Accident Insurance. Type writing neatly and promptly done by Blanche H. Curtis. Orders left at the above office. Houses to let and rents collected.—2.

The First Unitarian church elected the following officers last Tuesday evening: Treasurer, Henry C. Hall; Collector, Winthrop Hammond; Trustee of Permanent Fund for 2 years, Henry M. Aldrich; Parish Committee, Daniel W. Bond, Miss Bertha Frost, Mrs. Clara W. Aldrich, Capt. John P. Crane; Auditor, John W. Johnson. Hereafter the annual meeting is to be held on the second Tuesday of April.

Company G had a great time last Monday evening. It was inspection night and we hear that the boys went through the ordeal splendidly. Capt. Hanson felt proud of them. The inspecting officer was Col. Whiting. He was accompanied by Lieut. Col. Oskes, Major Bullard, Adj't. Locke, Q.M.C. Ramsey, all of the Fifth Regiment. The visiting military were handsomely entertained by the Company.

A supper was given in First church vestry last Monday evening to the boy choristers who sang on Easter Sunday for the Sunday School concert. It was under the management of Messrs. W. W. Crosby and E. P. Fox.

Forest Hooper, plumber, and H. M. Cull, printer, are connected by private telephone. We'll warrant there is a heap of chinning going on between those two worthies. Orders for Hooper's Fifth Regiment. The visiting military were handsomely entertained by the Company.

A number of capable girls are wanted at Mrs. Jennings' Employment Office, next to Gordon Parker's drug-store, to fill situations in some good families. Mrs. Jennings has several excellent situations for the right kind of girls.

A Civil Service examination for four additional boiler inspectors qualified to act as examiners of engineers and firemen and inspectors of boilers for the District Police force, will soon be held. Send to Room 152 State House for blanks.

—May 14, 1851, there occurred the heaviest snowstorm for many years. Effect on railroad travel was worse than the great storm on Jan. 31, last. The snow was so wet and heavy that it was nearly impossible to move trains, and during the day 14 locomotives were stalled at one time between Milk Row and East Cambridge. Although it was 47 years ago the storm is well remembered by several old people in this city.

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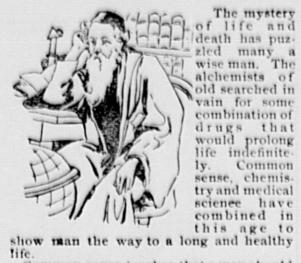
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The mystery of life and death has puzzled many a alchemists of old searched in vain for some combination of drugs that would prolong life indefinitely. Common sense, chemistry and medical science have combined in this age to show man the way to a long and healthy life.

Common sense teaches that a man should not overwork or overeat, that he should take time for his meals, resting and for recreation and sleep, that he should not neglect the little ills of life, because they are the precursors of serious and fatal maladies. The alchemists of old tried to make combinations of drugs that were impossible in the days of the alchemists. Medical science has taught us, however, and why the combinations of drugs should be used. Dr. Price's Golden Medical Discovery is the most valuable of all health restorers and the most effective. Its first work is upon the combination of life—the stomach. A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food, his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is impeded and insufficiently nourished. This medicine makes the body strong, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and strengthens the blood. It is the blood maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and gives a man a long life.

It does not make fleshy fat, but solid, muscular flesh, nerve force and vital energy. All medicine dealers sell it.

Dr. Price's Golden Medical Discovery Co., Ky., writes: "About two and a half years ago I was taken with severe pains in the chest, began to sweat and was so weak that I could hardly walk half a mile. Tried Dr. Price's Golden Medical Discovery and have improved both in strength and weight."

The main substance is the thinnings of the larger profit he'll make and not of your best good.

## ASYLUM TO COLLEGE.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S LEGACIES FROM BLOOMINGDALE.

**A Cat and an Aged Servitor Who Feed Themselves at Home Among the Students—Old Tom's Reflections on the Change From Old to New "Inmates."**

Many years ago, when the present Columbia university site was a simple country and was known far and near as Bloomingdale, there came to gladden the hearts of the rather irresponsible inmates a frisky little kitten which through the period of its early infancy was just like any ordinary kitten, but as time went on gave promise of becoming a beautiful and imposing tomcat. As the years rolled around the said Tom, realizing that much was expected of him, gave up his kittenish antics, probably feeling that in a competition with the other inmates the master of the cat's creation of himself was altogether too small to permit him to enter the lists. As a result of much pondering there settled down upon him a dignity far in excess of his station. He took up his fixed residence at Bloomingdale, and for several years acted in the capacity of janitor and night watchman, inspecting carefully all those who went in as well as those who came out, and therefore God will forgive us all our sins."

Whenever they see a cross, they always take off their caps and cross themselves. In conversation they are very fond of quoting what at first sight seem Scripture texts, but what in reality are phrases made by themselves for their own justification, such as "God hates the rich ones of this world," "Sic committed in perfect humility is sin," "If thou must kill a man, do it in his soul," etc. But times and circumstances do occasionally take a tumble, and in the shade of a tree, or in a quiet nook, and settle down to a queer level. One fine summer day the placid Tom, having himself with content, saw a strange caravan pass out through the gates, and, what was stranger still, it never came back. Surely such a freak had never happened before. Here was food for thought. In the middle of his speculations, before his point of view was properly adjusted—for thinking is a more laborious process for cats than for folks—a new and wholly untried race of people appeared before Tom and appropriated everything in sight. Wise old and independent Tom was, in many ways, not a hint of the game, but reached him about the sudden change of fortune that had turned out all his old friends, to whom, queer and crazy as they were, he had grown accustomed; had sent them far away to a new home, and had left in their place a small army, just as motley and apparently just as queer, who had taken complete possession and began to tear down and destroy everything. Confusion worse confounded reigned for several years. There was a babel of tongues. Weird structures suddenly sprung up from nowhere, and, picking up things the size of an ordinary button, Tom, with a look of despair as if they were tossing rubber balls, surely thought Tom, could never play any pranks half so queer. Still, Tom had been brought up in a unique school. Far be it from him to be surprised at what he saw. He learned, therefore, to watch events and to detect mine upon a course afterward.

So all during the years that Columbia's new buildings were in progress Tom transferred his living quarters to a stable on One Hundred and Sixteenth street, spending his days prowling around the excavations, wandering through the subterranean passages and, as the buildings progressed, through the different stories, to the roofs. But Tom kept a thinking and a looking. His whole future was at stake, and the matter required caution. Evidently he decided that the new place, though vastly changed from all resemblance to the old, might still prove a pretty good place after all.

For a time, it is true, he was on the fence, not being quite able to decide a question so momentous in the life of a tomcat. But one day he went a-strolling and witnessed the sophomore game rush. Then he left his home. No more need for him to sit at home. If all his old friends had come back again, or, if not, then those new inmates couldn't be so awfully different from the others. That came rush clinched matters for Tom, and he is now one of the most respected members of the university faculty.

His special abiding place is the library, where he stretches his majestic proportions and suns himself by the hour. He has grown sleek and handsome and wanders around un molested, with stately tread and a high intellectual tilt to his head. There seems to be a silent understanding on the part of the officers and the students that the cat is a privileged animal, whose liberties are not to be infringed upon. No one thinks of in sulting his dignity by an occasional caress or even a gentle stroking. He goes his own way, simply taking notice, but rendering no account to any one. The task of providing Tom with three meals a day has been assigned to a special janitor, and the hint has been dropped, at least so gossip runs, that if Tom's appetite is found to be capricious and to indicate highly refined palate a few expensive tidbits may be purchased and the same charged to the administration.

Another legacy besides the cat which Columbia received from Bloomingdale is an aged servitor whom many years

## MILD MURDERERS.

**CONVICT TRAMPS THAT INFEST CERTAIN PARTS OF SIBERIA.**

**They Commit Deeds of Blood Without Irritation or Passion—A Queer Crime—Religion—An Incident Illustrating Their Feudal Ideas.**

The feature of Siberian life which most impresses a traveler is the convict tramp. He has escaped from the mines and is weakly tramping across the snowy wastes, cold and hungry and constantly hiding from pursuit, only to be finally caught and taken back.

Liberty is sweet, but the chance of ultimate escape is very small, as they all know, and that they make the escape at all must be due to the fact that even the terrible privations of the journey are a welcome change from the living grave of the mines.

To discourage attempts at escape the government has granted the lawfully privilege to any one to shoot them on sight. The convicts, not knowing friends from enemies, are obliged to avoid villages during the day and to have recourse to highway robbery to satisfy their wants.

Generally speaking these bradagi are the worst of criminals.

One of the leading characteristics of the bradagi which distinguish them from other murderers and freebooters is their complete indifference and absence of irritation and passion when committing a deed of blood.

But what astounds one most is the combination of the most hardened crime with some religious ideas and also a certain degree of humility born of the severe discipline of hard labor of the mines, which produces a show of pity toward the victim they are destroying in the most cold-blooded manner.

Misfortune—and the bradagi is one of the most unfortunate of beings—unconsciously turns their thoughts to ward religion. In justification of their crime, they invariably say, "We are sinners, but also most unfortunate, and therefore God will forgive us all our sins."

Whenever they see a cross, they always take off their caps and cross themselves.

In conversation they are very fond of quoting what at first sight seem Scripture texts, but what in reality are phrases made by themselves for their own justification, such as "God hates the rich ones of this world," "Sic committed in perfect humility is sin," "If thou must kill a man, do it in his soul," etc.

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As Tom and his mate, the Pole, surrounded him in a quiet nook, he reached him about the sudden change of fortune that had turned out all his old friends, to whom, queer and crazy as they were, he had grown accustomed; had sent them far away to a new home, and had left in their place a small army, just as motley and apparently just as queer, who had taken complete possession and began to tear down and destroy everything. Confusion worse confounded reigned for several years. There was a babel of tongues. Weird structures suddenly sprung up from nowhere, and, picking up things the size of an ordinary button, Tom, with a look of despair as if they were tossing rubber balls, surely thought Tom, could never play any pranks half so queer. Still, Tom had been brought up in a unique school. Far be it from him to be surprised at what he saw. He learned, therefore, to watch events and to detect mine upon a course afterward.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

## The Woburn Journal

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### MASSACHUSETTS ON HAND.

Last Friday Governor Wolcott sent a message to the Legislature recommending that an appropriation of \$500,000 be voted and placed at his disposal for War purposes.

In less than an hour from the time the message was received an order for the amount was adopted and signed by the Governor.

Quick and loyal work!

Against such exhibitions of patriotism; with State Legislatures all over the Union promptly and unanimously voting appropriations from a half million to a million and a half of dollars for the war; how under the sun can Spain hope to successfully cope with the United States over the Cuban matter?

### WAR AT LAST.

President McKinley signed the Cuban resolutions at 11:30 Wednesday forenoon and at the same time sent word to Spain that she must quit Cuba at once or fight.

He gave the Madrid government until tomorrow noon to make up their mind which they would do.

If Spain does not yield, the blockade of Cuba will begin in a day or two, a U. S. military force will be landed, and the work of driving Spaniards from the island will start.

It will be a short war.

Congressman McCall of Winchester made a political mistake when he voted with others against the adoption of the conference report. Of course it is well understood in the District that he seeks a reelection this fall and to that end is hard at work. His aim is to please his constituents and secure their votes for another term; but where he missed it was in accepting the expression of a handful of Winchester Mugwumps as the true vox populi of the District. The error will become more apparent to him as election day approaches.

### LOCAL NEWS.

#### New Advertisements.

F. N. Club—May Party, Choral Society—Concert, A. W. Nichols—Clothing, Richardson Bros—Clothing, Huntington Porter—For Sale.

Another great rainstorm last Tuesday night.

Almy Carter is going to be an Episcopalian minister.

Dr. Frank W. and Mrs. Graves are touring in the South.

Any number of brush these days, they keep the firemen busy.

The Celts are rehearsing every day for their Minstrel Show.

There was a fine dance at Hibernian Hall last Tuesday evening.

Hammond will sell the tickets for the F. N. C. May Party, May 6.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Last Sunday was one of the most beautiful days of the present spring.

It will cost only half of a dollar to enjoy the F. N. C. May Party, May 6.

Mr. Alex Ellis is to occupy the Amos Cummings store for his grocery business.

Some newspaper reporters say that several Woburn men have enlisted in the Navy.

Aberjona Colony received into the Order several candidates last Monday evening.

Central Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., will worship at the Unitarian church next Sunday.

We opine that it will puzzle the School Board to select a site for the new schoolhouse.

The finest line of Neckwear in Woburn can be found at Richardson Bros., 431 Main st.

The Woburn Conference of Congregational churches will be held at Medford on April 26.

Miss Minnie Simonds of Church ave. has been visiting friends at Concord, N. H., recently.

Joseph Linnell says his factory—market—is in full feather and paying 100 cents a dollar.

The North Woburn Choral Society will give a concert next Tuesday evening, April 26. See ad.

Mr. A. W. Whitcher has a notice in this paper to which we direct public attention. It reads all right.

Mr. C. F. Sleeper of Francistown, N. H., is visiting with Mr. J. E. Boutwell of Clinton street.

Mr. E. F. Hayward made a flying business trip for contractor Ellis to Northern Vermont last week.

Mrs. Madeline A. Bartlett will appear in an attractive Rose dance at the F. N. C. May Party, May 6.

Jacob M. Ellis, contractor, finds some employment in putting in cellars and foundations for new houses in this city.

J. S. Young, H. E. Crowell and Moses Jackson of this city took part in the Dedham Road Race on Patriots Day.

Cuneo & Crovo tell us that strawberries sell very well notwithstanding it is early in the season for them.

On Friday evening, April 29, Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. V., will hold a May party at Post 161, G. A. Hall.

The musical programme of Trinity church Easter services was repeated there last Sunday. The singing and playing were fine.

A full line of hats and bicycle caps, a few patent ventilated caps, former price, \$1.00, now 50c. at Richardson Bros., 431 Main st.

Several May parties are on the carpet. May Day proper falling on Sunday the parties are to be given immediately after that date.

The cycle section of Towns Club made a run to Lexington last Tuesday to see where the Minute Men fought the Red Coats 123 years ago.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

James A. McAvoy was appointed Chief Clerk of the Board of Public Works at a meeting of the Board last night.

At last accounts there were quite a number of city offices to be filled by the Mayor. The delay causes some surprise.

The Boston Transcript is one of your peace at any price papers. The like of the Transcript were called copperheads in 1861-5.

Last Monday was "Teachers' Day" consequently the schoolrooms were closed. It was by no manner of means a bitter pill for the pupils.

The alarm from box 53 at 5:40 A. M. last Monday was for a slight fire on the roof of the tan vats at the tannery occupied by W. C. Kenney near Green street.

The dance given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S. last Monday evening was a fine one. There was a good attendance, and all were satisfied with the nice time.

As we expected Mr. James W. McDonald didn't go to the Klondike but wisely remained at home to do piano tuning for the people, at which he is an expert.

The Phalanx ball last Friday evening was a marked and gratifying success. The attendance was large, music fine, and everybody was delighted. Come again, boys!

If you used to dance, but are not up to date in modern steps, you will find that the first half of the order at the F. N. C. May Party, May 6, has been arranged for your especial benefit.

Edward Banwell and Edward Balch left here last Monday morning for the Klondike. They are members of the Whitcher-Littlefield Company, and sterling good men for the business.

Maud Wood will address the Woburn Womans Club on Friday, May 6, instead of April 22. She came out from Radcliffe on Patriots Day to visit her family on Salem street.

Mayor Feeney of this city was one of the Democratic High Mighty at the Bryan banquet in Boston last week. "Dollars to doughnuts" nobody knows whether he is Bryan silverite or a Quince goldbug.

Optician Worthley will be at his office in this city, the jewelry store of Capt. L. E. Hanson, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 27 and 28, fully prepared to do business. His delay in coming was due to waiting for the completion of some new instruments.

John H. Harlow received many hearty handshakes from good friends when he appeared at the band and on the streets last Saturday. Everybody appeared to feel glad to see him out once more. He is looking well and has nearly regained his customary health and strength.

First came the location of the Lexington street railroad on Pleasant st.; then a petition to have it changed to North Warren st.; then a remonstrance against such change. What next? The city made a contract with the Lexington S. R. Co., and one party to it can't annul a contract.

Rev. James J. Gilkley delivered the eulogy on James E. Hayes, Henry Mathews and Cornelius Bradley at St. Charles church last Tuesday. The attendance of Knights of Columbus and citizens was very large, and the memorial services were solemn and impressive. The music was fine.

Considerable of last Tuesday was spent by Chief Engineer Littlefield and Assistant Engineer Tracey in looking up the old reservoirs which were in use for fire purposes before the introduction of Horn Pond water. They not only found them, some nearly buried out of sight, but they were in good condition and partly filled with water. The Union st. one had 8 feet of water in it, and others had enough to support the steamers for quite a fire.

The rumor that Richardson Brothers have secured a building on Portland st., Boston, for their steam laundry and clothing factory is entirely without foundation. They have looked at some places in that quarter of the city but have neither bought or rented one, and what is more, it is doubtful if they do very soon.

Capt. J. G. B. Adams, Ex-Commander-in-Chief of G. A. R., is to be guest of the Men's League on Wednesday evening, April 27. At 7:45 he will deliver an address in the large lecture room of the First Church on "The Camp, the Field, and the Prison Pen." The public are cordially invited to attend. It will be very interesting.

The Sunshine Club will hold a May Party in Music Hall, Tuesday afternoon, May 3d, from 3 to 6. There will be a Fancy Drill, Flower Dance and Minuet, with music, and general dancing for the young people. Fancy articles made by the Sunbeamers will be for sale, also icecream. Tickets 25 cents for sale by members of the club—2.

The JOURNAL will be greatly surprised if Col. Robert J. W. Philip is not among the first to volunteer to drive the Spaniards out of Cuba. Perhaps his neighbor, Capt. J. P. Crane, would not be averse to taking a hand in the game. And there are other Academy Hill gentlemen who have fight in them and might exhibit it if circumstances demanded it.

In a window of Moore & Parker's news store is a poster dated July 10, 1862, containing a notice by the Selectmen, signed by Nathan Wyman, clerk, for a meeting of citizens to be held on July 12 for consultation and action respecting Woburn's quota of 38 men for the War, pursuant to a call from the Government for more troops. It is an interesting relic.

William F. Davis, Jr., son of William F. Davis, Esq., of Boston, of the City Council, after graduating from the High School next June, will study dentistry with Dr. Reynolds of Boston, formerly of Woburn, for awhile and then enter the Boston Dental College and finish his education. He is a young man of good parts and correct habits and will be sure to succeed in his chosen profession.

Col. A. L. Richardson wears a scarfin the large head of which is made of gold extracted from sea water by the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company at Lubec of which he is a member. Capt. L. E. Hanson, another member, says: "Don't you worry, boys; there is more gold at Lubec, Maine, than in the Klondike." The Company are enthusiastic and will make large additions.

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make for \$30.00. Call or write. For sale by Gordon Parker, Woburn.

# THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1898.

We have some bargains in Ladies Kid, Button and Lace BOOTS, SIZES: 21, 3, and 21.



Which we will sell less than cost to make.

We also have what is called Ladies' full ankle Boots, Open Toe, and very stylish, for \$2.00 and \$2.50.

J. LEATHIE,  
425 Main St., Woburn.

### Second Volume of Woburn Records.

Few of our citizens probably realize that in the second volume of the series of our ancient records there is an original manuscript of the proceeding in the old town of Woburn from the year 1674 to the year 1681. It is a record of the Indian War, called King Philip's War, in which the Indians did their part in furnishing men and supplies to carry on that war. Several of our citizens lost their lives while they were in active service against the enemy. A few of them were captured and held as prisoners.

The records of the Boston Custom House show that we import more Straw Mattings than all other public schools might have an opportunity to hear. Mrs. Margaret Deland, All business was suspended in Woburn for the next meeting, and the Club addressed the subject, "The Change in the Feminine Ideal."

The Club, which by carriage, has often presented a funny side to humanity, although it is something to have made the world laugh. There were two reasons, the speaker said, for this topic: "A prevailing discontent among women, and a decided change in the feminine ideal." The Club addressed the subject, "The Change in the Feminine Ideal."

A word in relation to this handwriting. It is not easy to read. It is written apparently in haste and the spelling is largely by sound. The characters are the hieroglyphics of the time, and very difficult to decipher. This work has been copied by Miss Louise W. Wyman, and her copy has been compared with the original by the undersigned. This work has been done at the instigation of Judge Edward J. Wilkinson, a lineal descendant of Major Wilkinson, in whose handwriting the original was written.

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THOSE of our lady friends who are thinking of new dresses for the coming season will do well to remember that the best results in the fit and style of a dress depend very largely on a rightly constructed corset. In our

## CORSET DEPT.

we have a number of the best kinds, justly celebrated for excellence of make and for perfect form. Light and comfortable, they have in different grades, and especially would we call attention to our "Madras" Corset, made of Lonsdale Cambric and a Corset that is the ideal one for the warm weather, and one long and one long-lasting.

Royal Worcester, Thompson's Glove Fitting, Armorside, are familiar and well-known names. Our Corset Waist Dept. with 15 lines of different patterns for Children, Misses and Ladies we would like to have you look at when in need of these goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

## CITY OF WOBURN.



## Collector's Sale

—OF—

## Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., April 1, 1898.  
The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list contained in the Assessor's Tax Book of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid for tax purposes, and are liable to be foreclosed for tax purposes, in the manner of the Collector of Taxes, No. 3, Municipal Building, Woburn, on Saturday, May 21, 1898, at two o'clock in the afternoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest thereon, and for the costs and expenses of collection, and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged:

The taxes against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of taxes, and the estates to be sold, including costs and interest accrued, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 1.

MARY C. COLEMAN.—About 10,000 square feet of land situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Westerly by land of James Callahan; easterly by land of Samuel Leeds; southerly by land of H. J. Munroe.

Tax of 1898.

MARY E. FULTON.—About 10,000 square feet of land with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Green street; bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by said Green street; easterly by land of owner unknown; southerly by a private way; westerly by land of Gates.

Tax of 1898.

MARY E. FULTON and ETIA J. ALLEN.—About 5,400 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, No. 32 Green street, in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land of Hiram Leonard; easterly by land of Tufts College and Boston University; southerly by land of Wenthworth.

Tax of 1898.

MICHAEL H. GRAHAM.—About 5,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lot 15 inclusive; Block 1, shown on Plan of Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land formerly of Randall; easterly by land of Wren; westerly by land now or late of Tufts College and Boston University; southerly by land of Wenthworth.

Tax of 1898.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 15,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 33 and 34, on Plan of Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Block 224, recorded as follows; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land now or late of Poplar street; westerly by land of owner unknown; bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; easterly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; southerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; westerly by Lot 31 on said Plan; bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; easterly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; southerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; westerly by Lot 30 on said Plan.

Tax of 1898.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 15,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, being Lots No. 33 and 34, on Plan of Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land with Middlesex South Dist. Deeds, Block 224, recorded as follows; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land now or late of Poplar street; westerly by land of owner unknown; bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; easterly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; southerly by land now or formerly of Holbrook; westerly by Lot 30 on said Plan.

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Tax of 1898.

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Tax of 1898.

ALBERT KEATING.—About 15,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land of H. J. Munroe; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land of Foster; westerly by land of Foster; bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land of H. J. Munroe; easterly by land of Foster; southerly by land of Foster; westerly by land of Foster.

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Tax of 1898.

WILLIAM C. FOSTER.—About 15,000 square feet of land and buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz.—Northerly by land of Foster; easterly by land of Foster;



The woman who is weak, nervous, tired and exhausted; who has a poor and variable appetite and no strength now, after many pains and aches, dragging down and bending down, and who recognizes herself, that she has become a shrivelled, emaciated, blue and almost black, in case of suffering from weakness and disease of the heart, lungs, kidneys, and important organs that bear the burdens of humanity.

Thousands of women suffer in this way and do not recognize the cause, or if they do understand their condition, neglect it rather than submit to the obnoxious examinations of a physician. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a wonderful medicine for women who suffer in this way. It acts with great success in all the trying ordeals, and may be used in the privacy of the home. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned, and makes them strong again, quickly. It relieves the discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It relieves nervousness, permits intervals into happy walks and pleasures. Thousands of women have testified, over their own signatures, to this fact. The "Pavement" is a well known prescription from any good medicine dealer. Any woman who will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., may have the advice of an eminent and skilled physician without charge.

Miss Mary M. McLean, of Rockwood, Ga., writes: "I had displacement and inflammation of the uterus. I was under the treatment of a physician for a long time, but received no benefit. I had failed of internal treatment with abortion and enlargement, I consulted Dr. Pierce, and his favorite prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' pleased me greatly. I am now well again. The first day I began to improve and in a short time I was able to do all my housework. If it had not been for these medicines I would have been dead long ago."

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

#### GONE BY.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And blossoms on every tree.

Summer and winter and spring once more,  
And then it was time to part,  
Never a hint of a hurt we bore  
Hidden away the heart;

Never a word of the after years,  
Woven with mists of pain;  
Never a thought of the bitter tears  
To fall like the winter rain.

Out of the future all,  
Silent and sad and slow,  
That under it all, though we could not see  
We had loved each other so.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Little how you loved me;  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And a grief that must always be!

Naught of reproach or blame, dear,  
Only a plain, simple, true,  
Living life just the same,  
Save for a crack in the heart!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

#### IN THE RESERVOIR.

Some 30 years ago you might have seen some of the best society of New York on the top of the distributing reservoir or any fine October morning. There were two or three carriages in waiting, and half a dozen senators looking mothers with young children pacing the parapet, as we ourselves, one day in the past generation, basked there in the sunshine—now watching the pickerel that glided along the lucid edges of the black pool within, and now looking off upon the scene of rich and wondrous variety that spreads along the two rivers on each side.

"They may talk of Alpheus and Arthusa," murmured an idling sophomore who had come to the way of other distribution hours, "but the Cretan, in passing over an arm of the sea at Spuyten Duyvil and bursting to sight again in this truncated pyramid, beats it all hollow. By George, too, the bushy yonder looks as blue as ever the Aegean sea to Byron's eye gazing from the Acropolis. But the painted foliage on these crags—the Greeks must have dreamed of such a vegetable phenomenon in the midst of their grayish olive groves or they never would have supplied the want of it in their landscape by embroidering their marble temples with gay colors. Did you see that pine, sir?"

"I did not."

"Zounds! His silver fin flashed upon the black Acheron like a restless soul that hoped yet to come from the pool."

"The place seems suggestive of fanatic to you?" we observed in reply to the rattletrap.

"It is, indeed, for I have done up a good deal of anxious thinking within a circle of a few yards where that fish broke just now."

"A singular place for meditation—the middle of the reservoir."

"You look incredulous, sir, but it's a fact. A fellow can never tell until he is tried in what station his most earnest meditations may be concentrated. I am boring you, though."

"Not at all. But you seem so familiar with the spot that I wish you could tell me why that ladder leading down to the water is lashed against the stonework in yonder corner."

"That ladder?" said the young man, brightening at the question. "Why, the position, perhaps the very existence, of that ladder resulted from my meditation in the reservoir, at which you smiled you all about them?"

"I may do."

"Well, you have seen the notice for bidding you one to fish in the reservoir. Now, when I read that warning, the spirit of the thing struck me at once as inferring nothing more than that one should not sully the temperance potations of our citizens by steeping bait in it of any kind; but you probably know the common way of taking pipe with a slip noose of delicate wire. I was determined to have a touch at the fellows with this kind of tackle.

"I chose a moonlight night, and an hour before the edifice was closed to visitors I secreted myself within the walls, determined to pass the night on the job. I was not long in getting it. The night proved cloudy, but it was only a variable drifts of broken clouds which obscured the moon. I had a walking cane rod with me, which would reach to the margin of the water and several feet beyond if necessary.

"To this was attached the wire about 15 inches in length.

"I prowled along the parapet for a considerable time, but not a single fish could I see. The clouds made a flickering light and shade that wholly foiled my steadfast gaze. I was convinced that should they come up thicker my whole night's adventure would be thrown away. 'Why will I not do it?' I thought, the sloping wall and get nearer on a level with the fish, for thus alone can I hope to see one?" The question had hardly shaped itself in my mind before I had one leg over the iron railing.

"If you look around, you will see now that there are some half dozen weeds growing here and there amid the fissures of the solid masonry. In one of the fissures from whence these spring I planted a foot and began my descent.

The reservoir was fuller than it is now, and a few strokes would have carried me to the margin of the water. Holding on to the cleft above, I felt around with one foot for a place to plant it below me.

"In that moment the flap of a pound pipe made me look round, and the roots of the weed upon which I partly depended gave way as I was in the act of turning. Sir, one's senses are sharpened in deadly peril. As I live now I distinctly heard the bells of Trinity chiming midnight as I rose to the surface the next instant, immersed in the stone caldron, where I must swim for my life, heaven only could tell how long.

"I am a capital swimmer, and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I, of course, had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain that at least one of my toes would find where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately swim it.

"I tried the nearest spot. The inclination of the wall was so vertical that it did not even rest me to lean against it. I felt with my hands and with my feet. The pavements were smooth, the presence from any good medicine dealer. Any woman who will write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y., may have the advice of an eminent and skilled physician without charge.

Miss Mary M. McLean, of Rockwood, Ga., writes: "I had displacement and inflammation of the uterus. I was under the treatment of a physician for a long time, but received no benefit. I had failed of internal treatment with abortion and enlargement. I consulted Dr. Pierce, and his favorite prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' pleased me greatly. I am now well again. The first day I began to improve and in a short time I was able to do all my housework. If it had not been for these medicines I would have been dead long ago."

Stomach and liver troubles with sluggish action of the bowels are cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

#### FIBROID TUMOR CONQUERED.

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Strong Statement from Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Fibroid Tumor.

The growth of these tumors is so slight that frequently their presence is not suspected until they are far advanced.

So-called "wandering pains" come from its early stages, so that the sense of danger may be made manifest by excessive menstruation accompanied by unusual pain extending from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and read what Mrs. B. A. Lombard, Box 71, Westdale, Mass., says:

"I am a capital swimmer, and this naturally gave me a degree of self-possession. Falling as I had, I, of course, had pitched out some distance from the sloping parapet. A few strokes brought me to the edge. I really was not yet certain but that I could clamber up the face of the wall anywhere. I hoped that I could. I felt certain that at least one of my toes would find where I might get hold with my hands, even if I did not ultimately swim it.

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#### GONE BY.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And blossoms on every tree.

Summer and winter and spring once more,  
And then it was time to part,  
Never a hint of a hurt we bore  
Hidden away the heart;

Never a word of the after years,  
Woven with mists of pain;  
Never a thought of the bitter tears  
To fall like the winter rain.

Out of the future all,  
Silent and sad and slow,  
That under it all, though we could not see  
We had loved each other so.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Little how you loved me;  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And a grief that must always be!

Naught of reproach or blame, dear,  
Only a plain, simple, true,  
Living life just the same,  
Save for a crack in the heart!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

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Save for a crack in the heart!

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

#### GONE BY.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And blossoms on every tree.

Summer and winter and spring once more,  
And then it was time to part,  
Never a hint of a hurt we bore  
Hidden away the heart;

Never a word of the after years,  
Woven with mists of pain;  
Never a thought of the bitter tears  
To fall like the winter rain.

Out of the future all,  
Silent and sad and slow,  
That under it all, though we could not see  
We had loved each other so.

Little I knew how I loved you, dear,  
Little how you loved me;  
Summer and winter and spring of the year,  
And a grief that must always be!

Naught of reproach or blame, dear,  
Only a plain, simple, true,  
Living life just the same,  
Save for a crack in the heart!

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only one. I won't play in a game when I have on a single thing that has never been worn before, not even a necktie. Takes my mind away from the game, and therefore I never wear a new thing when I am going to play poker."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.**

#### LESSON IV, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES,



## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1898.

## COOL HEADED.

Through all the war debates and wrangles in the House of Representatives Congressman Knox of this District never lost his head for a minute, but in everything he said and did was as cool, calm and collected as the centre seed of a cucumber. He knew all the time what he wanted and was never once thrown off his base. He has good common sense.

## WAR DECLARED.

On last Monday Congress formally declared war against Spain. It was held by many good lawyers and able statesmen that such a declaration was unnecessary, but to make everything tight and strong the President thought it best to do it.

Last Tuesday an Extra of the Reading *Chronicle* was issued, the particular occasion for it being a grand demonstration given to "Our Citizen Soldiers" the night before. There can be no mistake about it, Col. W. H. Twombly is renewing his age.

The Governor has proclaimed April 30 to be Arbor Day. It is a good thing to have an Arbor Day, but just where its utility is to be found we have not yet discovered.

Representatives Wood and Grimes have favored us with State Documents from the Capitol of value for which we return thanks.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

Mishawum Club—Show, J. G. MacIntyre—Citation, Richardson—Good—Brown & Bent, Ltd., Pettingill & Co.—Nat. Reg., Avery & Son—Standard Oil, J. L. H. & Son—Nat. Reg., Frank Fowle—Dissolution Notice.

F. N. C. May Party May 6. Don't forget the date.

School vacation next week. Won't the boys and girls be glad, though?

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

License Commissioner Frank Fowle has been sick abed this week.

Rev. Dr. March preached at the Congregational church in Stowham last Sunday.

Memorial Day falls on Monday this year. Post 33 are making preparations for it.

Lots of women were out Monday evening to see the boys enlist for the war with Spain.

Col. Robert J. W. Phinney can have the office of Paymaster in the Navy if he will take it.

Officer French has been a little lame of late but is making his regular rounds on Main st. again.

Auditor Jones has issued his monthly report of the city's financial standing on April 1, 1898.

Mr. Charles T. O'Brien will graduate from Boston College in June next. He is a prime scholar.

Charles Bowers Winn Camp, S. V., will give a May Party at Post 161 G. A. R. Hall this evening.

The fear of a big advance in the price of groceries is giving Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch a boom.

A corner of the Armory balcony gave away on Monday evening at the enlisting meeting. The crowd was waiting.

The recent heavy rain continued without intermission all of Saturday night, Sunday, and a good part of Sunday night.

We learn with deep regret that the utmost harmony does not exist among the members of the Liquor License Board.

Mr. Alex Ellis and family have moved into the house recently vacated by A. W. Whitcher on Winn st. It is a nice place.

At three o'clock tomorrow afternoon the W. C. T. U. and Loyal Legion will hold a meeting in Concert Hall, Savings Bank Block.

The present Master of the Alms-house will probably remain where he is. It is understood that the Board of Overseers have so determined.

Mr. James T. Freeman, senior member of the firm of J. T. Freeman & Co., machinists, has returned from a business trip through the West.

There was a heavy frost Tuesday night. Everything was very white on Wednesday morning, and the degree of cold was 37 above zero at 7 a.m.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write.—

The Co-operative Bank will hold a meeting for the election of a Treasurer some time in June unless something turns up to compel an earlier date.

Only five licenses were granted last Saturday evening. The reason for the halt is quite generally understood. One of them was of doubtful property.

Mrs. Rev. D. Seudder is soon to visit her old home in Wisconsin. She has not fully recovered from the severe attack of grip which she suffered some months ago.

Word went out that Mr. Cyrus Lamb, the carpenter, had enlisted, and people wondered. It is his son, Cyrus F., who is going to the wars to fight the Spaniards.

Demian Thompson will give "The Old Home-ead" at the Auditorium soon. McGrath is after the best dramatic companies that travel for events in this city.

We consider Mr. McCabe's bakery on Montvale ave. one of the neatest, neatest and best in the country. McCabe has a pleasant word for everyone who goes there.

Capt. Hansen let those of his soldiers who have families out easy. He had plenty of men without them. And one or two who we have in our mind's eye breathed free.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker L. Eaton expect to take up a permanent residence at North Lexington next week. They are good and worthy people and will be missed from our city.

The blue flannel shirts exhibited in our window, are made from the best flannel that can be bought, and are made by Woburn help and sold at "Peace" prices. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

When Capt. Hanson got word to hold Co. G in readiness to march into camp at Framingham there was a great flutter among the boys, but it soon died out. They are all anxious to get away however.

Wear one of Richardson's shirts, when you go to the front and, if it is your lot to be lost, your place of enlistment will be known, as our shirts are all labeled, "Richardson's." Richardson's, 431 Main street.

Miss Florence Hood, one of Boston's 400, whose home is on classic Beacon street, is coming out next Sunday to play at the Vesper Service in the First church at 7 o'clock. She is said to be a musician of rare talent.

Mr. Huntington Porter advertises for sale the Rufus Poole estate at North Woburn, which is one of the best in this city. The estate has got to be settled up, and the property will be sold at a bargain. See ad. in this paper.

The style of dress for your little boy 3 to 8 years is a "Middy" Suit with fancy vest front. Some different from the suit we men used to wear! Hammond & Son the Woburn Clothiers show all the latest New York styles from \$2 to \$6.

Mr. Willard K. Fowle, son of Mr. George E. Fowle, member of the Board of Public Works, has been appointed architect of the new Montvale schoolhouse soon to be built under the supervision of the Board of Public Works at a cost of \$5,000.

Last Friday Master Arthur Jones, son of City Auditor Charlie A. Jones, presented the Cummings School with a handsome and costly silk American Flagg. On the receipt of the valuable gift it was run up to masthead and its folds unfurled to the breeze.

Reserved seats for the Mishawum Theatricals, May 13, will be on sale at Gordon Parker's on and after May 11. Mr. Parker will open his store at 7 a.m. and early comers will be given numbered checks in regular order, which will be honored when the sale opens.

Mr. Alvah Buckman will have been in the boot and shoe business in this city 41 years on May 1, 1898, and on his present sit 35 years. By always dealing on the square he had years ago accumulated a handsome competency. His mercantile record is a long and honorable one.

For real hard service and wear resisting colors, no boy's suit has ever equalled the famous "Knockabout" sold by Hammond & Son the Woburn Clothiers. The price of this suit is always \$5 and each season the style of cloth is changed, but always of the black and white non-fading colors. Suitable for boys 7 to 16 years.

Mr. Henry F. Davis of J. T. Freeman & Co., is contemplating an early visit to Cumberland and Oxford counties, Maine, to see some old friends he has there. Of course he will give some think the Company will never get beyond the So. Framingham master field, and it begins to look a little like it. They will go over there, have a trifle, and then come home; or like the French, or some other army of old times, they will "march up the hill and then march down again."

Mr. Dennis D. Begley, General Manager, is hard at work getting the Minstrel Show which the Celtic Association are going to give on the evening of May 4, into working order, and is well pleased with the progress the players are making. He has concluded to employ quite a number of Boston burnt cork professionals to supplement the work of the local talent, which insure a firstclass minstrel entertainment.

Perhaps it ought not to be said that the Boston men will come to the extent of allowing the Company to increase its quota to \$10,000, and to issue \$17,500 in bonds.

In anticipation of this result the Company took steps towards erecting a new theater designed especially for the Light & Power Company for an increase of capital the present plant would be expanded to a larger and more better and more roomy residence of the business centre of the city. The prayer of the petitioners has been granted to to increase the allowed the Company to issue bonds on its quota to \$10,000, and to issue \$17,500 in bonds.

During the month of May the Firstchurch will hold a series of Vesper Services on Sunday evenings. They will be characterized by distinctive variety. At the first to be held next Sunday at 7 p.m. in the main audience room Miss Florence Hood of Boston, an exceedingly talented violinist, niece of Mr. Daniel N. Hood, will play. There will be other brief exercises and a short address by Mr. Seudder. Each week the vespers services will be varied, due announcement being given in the papers.

Company K, 39th Regiment, will hold a reunion at Post 161 Hall on next Wednesday evening, May 4. It is to be a social gathering of the veterans of the Company, with nothing elaborate or stuck up about it, and without any doubt all it will be a pleasant meeting. A collation is down on the programme, which will be followed by short speeches and social greetings.

According to Comrade A. P. Barrett's "Soldiers and Sailors" etc., a large number of Woburn men served three years in Co. K, and many of them are still residents of this city.

The First Massachusetts Regiment, Heavy Artillery, went into the U. S. Service at Fort Warren last Tuesday morning. They received a thundering ovation at the State House, Governor Wolcott and Mayor Quincy being conspicuous in the vast crowd that can turn out any more soldiers than that. Capt. Ed. F. Wyer, they are all sterling boys and true patriots.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians in this city opened a grand 5-days fair in the Auditorium last Tuesday evening with marked eclat and success. Prior to the emoluments of the National Band, reported Division 3 from Hibernian Hall on Main st. to the soul stirring music of "Marching through Georgia," and the procession was accompanied by great crowds of sidewalk spectators. The families are scarce that can turn out any more soldiers than that. Capt. Ed. F. Wyer, they are all sterling boys and true patriots.

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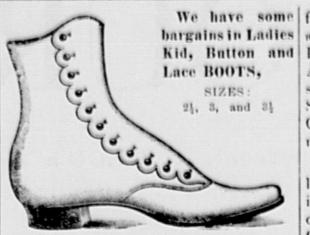
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We have some bargains in Ladies Kid, Button and Lace BOOTS, SIZES: 21, 3, and 21

Which we will sell less than cost to make.

We also have what is called Ladies' fat Ladies' Boots, Opera Toe and very stylish, for \$2.00 and \$2.50.

J. LEATHE, 425 Main St., Woburn

father is one of the leading and most accomplished musicians in the country. In the same issue of the *Daily Press*, April 20, was printed a full illustrated story of the departure of the 21st U. S. Regiment, of whose Band Mr. Clarke is leader, for the front. It makes interesting reading.

Commencing May 2, the train leaving Boston at 3:29 p.m. arriving in Winchester at 3:57 p.m. will make connection for Woburn, stopping at Cross street at 4:03 p.m. and arrive at Woburn at 4:07 p.m.

— Last Monday afternoon we had a call from Mr. Lester S. Moulton, formerly Treasurer of the Woburn Electric Light Company, and now of Denver, Colorado. When he left here not many months ago and sought the dry climate of Colorado for relief from a serious lung trouble hardly any one of his friends dared hope that he would return alive; but they were happily disappointed. He is as well and rugged as a bear, brown as a berry, and never weighed so much in his life as he does now. The change in his appearance was so marked that several minutes elapsed before we recognized him. He was the picture of health and in splendid spirits. Mr. Moulton is in Company with a friend of ours, Mr. Virgil M. Came, a native of North Berwick, Me., but for many years connected with the Northwestern Railroad Company at Chicago as traveling solicitor, and subsequently with the Union Pacific. The firm are in the mining and milling business, and are no doubt successful, for both partners are men of brains, grit, and what is of equal importance they are Old York County lads. We were right glad to see Mr. Moulton and to hear from him such a good account of "Virg."

— The Fancy Drill, Flower Dance, and Minuet, to fine music, at the May Party of the Sunshine Club, from 3 to 6 next Tuesday afternoon, at Music Hall, will afford a great deal of pleasure to those who attend. It will be something new to, and we advise everybody to go. In no way can 3 hours be spent more pleasantly.

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## A Pill for the Ill.

"They'll do you good," a physician said in giving some pills to his patient, a woman who had suffered for months from diseases which baffled skillful treatment. His words proved true. The woman rejoices.

## The YANKEE!

LADIES! Why not trade at the **YANKEE** Fruit and Vegetables—there is fresh and clean

“Before you go to market, take a walk and eat the **LOWEST PRICES**—California Oranges, Tangerines, Lemons, Grapes, Peaches, Nectarines, Bananas, Spanish Peanuts (shelled to eat), Pop Corn, Spanish and Bermuda Onions, Celeries, etc.

Spanish Queen Olives new crop 35¢ qt.

Hot House Fomatoes, Dandellions, Spinach.

“Lettuce, 2¢ and 16¢ per head.

“Radish 6¢ per bunch.

“Cucumbers 12¢ per bunch.

New Figs, Peas and the per lb.

Best Roasted Peanuts, 5¢ per qt.

Also a full line of Bottled and Canned Goods, Sauces, Pickles, Pickled Limes, Horse Radish, Olives, Kidneys, Turnips, Potatoes, Turnips, and many other canned goods such as found in a **YANKEE** MARKET.

For Your PARTIES, CLUBS or SUNDAY DINNERS, TRY

**THE YANKEE**,

Stall No. 1 Eastern Market,

Opposite Union Station, Boston.

Orders filled and sent by Express.



## WELL CARED FOR

Customers' interests are well cared for in every way. We want your trade for always.

**WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,**

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - - WOBURN

**EAMES & CARTER,**

— DEALERS IN —

**Coal and Wood,**

377 Main Street.

Yard, rear of 211 Main street.

TELEPHONE, 62-5.

**H. ORLAND'S**

## Red Clover Extract!

1,000 BOTTLES FREE!

At H. A. Wilcox Drug Store,

Savings Bank Block.

Comment on this medicine is unnecessary.

It cures Dyspepsia and all diseases of the blood.

The liberal advertisement speaks for itself.

HAS RETURNED!

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist,

Has returned from Philadelphia where he has completed a special course of study at the Philadelphia Optical College and will be in Woburn at the jewelry store of Liuwod E. Hanson, 409 Main st. on

Thursday next, May 12,

Day and evening, prepared to carefully examine all cases of defective vision and to fit the eyes with lenses when required.

EYES EXAMINED FREE!

Remember date and place, Thursday, May 12, at Hanson's Jewelry store.

We have opened our first invoice of LADIES SHIRT WAISTS.

All new designs and some of them we shall not be able to duplicate. All our Silk Waists and Woolen Waists at remarkably low prices.

GEO. T. CONNOR,

335 Main St. Woburn.

A Fine Residence, all Modern Improvements, corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.

Apply to G. H. HANSON, 134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

**FOR SALE**

— OR —

**TO LET.**

In Fowle buildings, Main street, Woburn, in the hands of a widow, a widow's home, a quiet, lighted and pleasant room, most desirable for office or other business purposes.

At the office of **BRANT**, 371 Main street, or to

LUKE W. FOY, 116 State St., Boston.

Jan. 13, 1898.

**To Let.**

A Modern, SINGLE HOUSE; 5 minutes from Railroad Station; all up to date improvements.

CHESTER GREENWOOD,  
5 Fairmount st., Woburn.

**To Let.**

A Fine Residence, all Modern Improvements, corner of Canal and Sturgis sts., Woburn. Rent REASONABLE.

Apply to G. H. HANSON, 134 Cambridge St., Woburn.

**FOR SALE**

— OR —

**TO LET.**

House on Elm Avenue, Montvale. Enquire of

L. W. THOMPSON, 387 Main St., Woburn.

**F. GOWING,**

Magnetic Healer.

RESIDENCE:

6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.

Acute and Nervous Diseases & Specialty.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

If you are out of employment and want a position, paying you from \$50 to \$100 monthly, clear above expenses by working regularly, or, if you want to earn \$1000 monthly, clear above expenses by working at odd times, write the **GLOBE CO.**, 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., stating age, sex, and experience, and you will receive a position, and you can secure a position with them by which you can make more money easier and faster than you ever made before in your life.

**Hay! Hay!**

FOR SALE.

In large or small lots, delivered anywhere in Woburn.

E. C. COLMAN,  
71 Wyman St.

For Sale or To Let.

A FINE RESIDENCE: No. 34 Lowell street, Woburn. Is a fine four story house with shade trees and shrubs. At 100 feet from Main Street. Apply to GILMOR F. JONES,  
408 Main street, office of Central Stables.

## Spring Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. — — — Woburn

Mrs. Nena Van Steenburg,

DRESSMAKER.

Five up-to-date Houses for Sale at Central Square.

Agent for the National Rolling Window Screens.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

Upstairs, over Parker's Drugstore.

Woburn

LOOK!

Woburn

</div











# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$2.00 a Year. Single Copies 5 Cents.

VOL. XLVIII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1898.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 23.

**Boston & Maine Railroad.**

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.30, 6.14, 6.44, 7.15, 7.39, 8.15, 9.22, 9.30, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.09, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.29, 6.05, 9.30, 10.30, P. M.

RETURNS—For Boston, 5.30, 6.14, 6.44, 7.15, 7.39, 8.15, 9.22, 9.30, 10.31, 11.38, 12.51, 1.09, 2.20, 3.01, 4.16, 5.04, 5.29, 6.05, 9.30, 10.30, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.25, 11.01, A. M., 12.15, 1.30, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, A. M., 12.45, 1.30, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, P. M.

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FOR LAWRENCE, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

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FOR NASHUA, Manchester and Concord, N.H., 11.30, 12.05, 1.20, 2.25, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, A. M., 12.45, 1.30, 2.45, 3.30, 4.15, 5.00, 5.45, 6.30, 7.15, 8.00, 8.45, P. M.

FOR GREENFIELD, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, For Amherst, Milford and Milton, N.H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, 6.05, 9.30, 10.30, P. M.

FOR CLAREMONT, N.H., 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

FOR PENACOKE, Franklin, Lebanon, White River, 1.21, 2.26, 3.31, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

FOR TILTON, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

FOR CONCORD, Lancaster, Franklin, R.R., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

INVESTMENT and WOBURN, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 5.29, P. M.

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The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 13, 1898.

THE WAR.

Naval and military preparations for the liberation of Cuba from the barbarous rule of Spain go swiftly and steadily on. It is now expected that the capture of the Island and surrender of Blanco and his army will take place within a month. An army of 75,000 men is to be landed in a few days to march on Havana, which will be a force capable of sweeping all before it, and in the meantime Morro Castle and other Cuban forts are to be demolished by Sampson's great fleet of war vessels. The President is determined to strike a vigorous blow at once and end the war.

It is reported that Spain's Cape Verde fleet, its chief reliance, has sailed back to Cadiz, which means, so foreign nations think, that the Spanish government has concluded to give up its West Indian possessions and let the Cuban patriots and Uncle Sam have them.

On May 1, Commodore Dewey, whose name is on every tongue, totally destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila and seized the Philippines Islands, which still holds and over which the American Flag now proudly waves.

After Con, Dewey had burned and sunk eleven Spanish war ships—all they had at Manila—and silenced the forts, no intelligence was received from him until May 7, when the glorious news was fully confirmed by a dispatch from the Commodore himself.

Con is the Hero of the day, and has been made Admiral.

Since the magnificent naval achievement by Con, Dewey at Manila, no exciting War news has been received, and the country has been patiently waiting for a grand, crushing forward move on Havana and Blanco's command. This is coming very soon, but not a minute too soon to please the loyal people of this country.

We expect to be able to announce in our next issue the capture of Porto Rico, Cuba, and a proposition from the Spanish government for peace.

CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

Hon. Joshua B. Holden, Senator from the Ninth Suffolk District, is a candidate for Congress from the 8th District now represented by Hon. Samuel W. McCall of Winchester. Of this there is no doubt.

Some months ago the JOURNAL, on what it deemed reliable evidence, announced that Mr. Holden would be a candidate to succeed Mr. McCall this fall and events which have transpired since then go to confirm the statement. It is probable that Mr. McCall will retire from the contest voluntarily, his recent action on war measures in Congress having placed him in such strong antagonism to his constituency that an attempt at a re-election would prove unavailing.

The press of Boston, or at least those of the papers that have the courage of their convictions, warmly favor Mr. Holden's candidacy, and others in the District have become cool towards McCall since his vote, with only three other members, in opposition to the war for the freedom of Cuba.

Only last Saturday the *Courant* of Boston published two strong articles, one an editorial, in favor of the election of Mr. Holden to Congress, and winds up by saying:

"Capable of representing us with ability and distinction we command him to the people and voters of the District. The *Courant* will, as it always has, support Mr. Holden through this fight."

ORDERS TO MARCH.

Last Saturday Companies F, G and L of the Fifth Regiment received orders from headquarters to rendezvous at Gloucester on Cape Ann on Monday, May 23.

On that morning Company G of this city, L. E. Hanson, captain, will leave for the Gloucester camp.

It ought to be the pride of the town to give the boys a splendid send-off, and it is highly probable they will get one.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Lady-To-Let.  
E. Riley—Found.  
Reuben—Held.  
W. W. Morris—For Sale.  
J. G. Maguire—Citation.

Read ad. "For Sale."

"All the Comforts of Home."

"All the Comforts of Home" at the Auditorium this evening.

Mrs. Julia P. Lewis of Chicago is visiting friends in this city.

Material for building notes is not as plenty as we would like to see.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Burbank Relief Corps will give a May Party at G. A. R. Hall this evening.

A seating plan of the Auditorium may be found at Mr. Gordon Parker's drugstore.

See "To Let" in this paper meaning two nice rooms right in the heart of the city.

Dr. Frank W. Graves is to settle the estate of the late W. H. Winn of Burlington.

There was a heavy frost Monday night and at 5 Tuesday morning it was only 26 above zero.

It is reported that Waters & Co. will occupy the Amos Cummings store for a cheese grocery.

Mr. Gordon Parker will please accept thanks for pasteboards to "All the Comforts of Home."

William C. Kenney is to succeed Jacob M. Ellis on the Board of License Commissioners next month.

Drilling for active service in the field keeps Capt. Hanson and the boys of Co. G very busy these days.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cummings are at home from a prolonged and pleasant visit to California.

Cummings, Chute & Co. find enough to do these days. The War is not interfering with their business any.

The city will have to hump itself if it gets the new schoolhouse ready for occupancy by the beginning of the next school year.

— There was a tremendous rush for tickets to the Mishawum Club entertainment this evening. There will be a houseful.

— A May Party will be given this evening at G. A. R. Post 33 Hall, by W. R. C. 84. There will be dancing until 12 o'clock.

— The usual G. A. R. Memorial services will be held at the First Baptist church on Sunday, May 29. Both Post will attend.

— Mr. Curtis Greenwood will sell a large, firstclass refrigerator very cheap. It is the right thing for a large family or household.

— The alarm from box 55 last Monday morning at 8 o'clock, was for a fire that partly destroyed an unoccupied building on Conant street.

— Where is that Mishawum Club Flag? Not up yet! Why, the club is as full of patriotism as an egg is full of meat, and no flag up!

— Mr. Charles M. Wright pledges his word that the Mishawum entertainment tonight is going to be the biggest that ever came over.

— "Woburn," up and for sale by Brooks, the druggist, is one of the healthiest drinks that can be scared up. It is an anti-bilious composition.

— Charles R. Rosengut, 36 Green St. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write.—t.

— Please bear in mind that Mishawum Club will give "All the Comforts of Home" at the Auditorium this evening. We hear that it is going to be fine.

— Mr. Irish, Superintendent of the produce store on Main st., and Montvale ave., and Mrs. Irish will visit Biddeford, Maine, their former home, next week.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce is meeting with good success in the sale of "Residential Woburn." Not only so but everybody says it is a handsome and valuable book.

— Lawyer E. H. Lounsbury of Col. Woodward's Staff, 6th Regiment, has been housed by sickness two weeks. He ventured out last Tuesday afternoon, and is improving.

— The attendance at the meetings of the Mission Fathers at St. Charles church are very large indeed. They are held morning and evening, and are bound to do much good.

— Mr. Frederic A. Flint, of the old merchant tailoring firm of Gage & Co., returned last Wednesday from a week's visit to Camden, Maine, his summer resort for the last 25 years.

— The electric cars leave Woburn for Arlington 5 minutes before and 25 minutes after the hour regularly. Woburn people going to Boston by that line should remember this statement.

— A musicale for the benefit of Trinity Episcopal church will be given at the home of Mrs. S. Frankford Trull, Tuesday, May 17, 25 cents. The best of talent has been engaged for it.

— Horace N. Conn of the First Regiment, stationed at Fort Warren, was at home on a furlough last Tuesday. He was in prime condition and cocked and primed to fight the Spaniards.

— In dealing with Woburn's Board of Public Works our correspondent "Main Street" strikes straight out from the shoulder. His letter is a strong one and its publication this week is timely.

— Memorial Day comes in two weeks from next Monday, Post 33 are making all due arrangements for it. Capt. John L. Parker will deliver the oration, and Capt. "Al" Barrett says its going to be a good one.

— William H. Feeney, a Boston Herald reporter, resident of this city, is doing considerable "Chimney Fader" work for the papers in the city. Mr. William Luck presided and was also Stage Manager. A large number of artists participated in the entertainment, all of whom acquited themselves handsomely. Refreshments were served at the close of the concert.

— If, as we have been informed, the special committee of the City Council appointed to investigate the subject have reported in favor of adding more territory to Woodbrook Cemetery instead of recommending a new burial place more remote from the business centre of the town they have made a serious mistake. Within a very few years necessity will compel an abandonment of Woodbrook and the selection of another place, and the idea of increasing its size is absurd. Many of the best resting sites in the city are next to waterless on account of their proximity to the geyser, and yet the committee would ruin other-like property by adding 10 acres more or less to the present grounds. Other cities and towns around Boston are abandoning the old cemeteries in their midst and laying out others farther away, but Woburn holds on to her antiquated and worn out notions and refuses to adopt modern ideas.

— At a meeting of the Minstrel Show by the Celts last week was a big wad of greenbacks. They were well and honestly earned, for a more satisfactory entertainment of the kind has not been given here this season.

— Mr. Robert B. Eaton, who is interested in all local improvements, is building a street from Eaton ave. to Newbury street, which is needed. It will open for settlement some of the most desirable residential property in the city.

— Mr. J. Howard Nason had a Washington excursion advertised for yesterday but we did not learn whether it was or not. He says the War is interfering with his business and that no concerns in his line in Boston are doing anything.

— At a meeting of the Middlesex East District Medical Society held in Music Hall, Woburn, last Wednesday, Dr. Nickerson of Stoneham was elected President; Dr. J. P. Bixby of North Woburn, Vice President; Dr. Jack of Melrose, Secretary.

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We have some  
bargains in Ladies  
Kid, Button and  
Lace BOOTS,  
SIZES: 21, 23, and 25.

Which we will sell less than  
cost to make.

We also have what is called  
Ladies' full ankle Boots, Opera  
Toes, and very stylish, for \$2.00  
and \$2.50.

J. LEATHES,  
425 Main St., Woburn

The Industrial School opened  
with 500 pupils, a big figure. Only  
Sewing Department and Principal  
Carter's classes are at work, but after  
July 1 all Departments will be running.  
There is no educational institution in  
town that surpasses this school in  
utility.

We have received papers from  
Tacoma containing glowing stories re-  
pecting the "Blackfoot Party" of  
which they said, Mr. Arthur W.  
Whittemore is Treasurer. The boat which  
the party had built and will use in their  
journey is named "Blackfoot," hence  
the cognomen of the organization.

Capt. Hanson expects to finish  
the examination of recruits for Co. G  
in Camp instead of at the Armory in  
this city. No examinations have taken  
place since last Saturday. At that  
time only 5 out of 43 had been rejected  
for physical disability, and there were  
then 3 doubtful cases. This was an  
excellent showing, and Capt. Hanson  
is a highly educated and accomplished  
pianist.

How to Look Good.

Good looks are really more than skin  
deep, depending entirely on a healthy con-  
dition of all the vital organs. If the liver  
is inactive, you have a bilious look; if  
the kidneys are bad, you have a dark  
look; if the heart is bad, you have a pale  
look; if your kidneys are affected, you have  
a pinched look. Secure good health, and  
you will surely have good looks. "Electric  
Bitter" is a good Alterative and Tonic  
directly on the stomach, liver and kid-  
neys; purges, purifies and gives a good  
complexion. Every bottle guaranteed.  
S. Parker's Drug Store. 50 cents per  
bottle.

Mishawum Club.

This, the leading social club in this  
city, composed of society people, opened  
on May 10, 1887, as a baseball club, and  
it celebrated its 35th anniversary last  
Tuesday evening at its beautiful home  
in the Armory. A great many invited guests  
who were royally entertained by the Club  
and its 200 members. The piano  
and other room were done up with  
fine taste and brilliantly illuminated  
for the occasion and made a delightful  
apartment.

At the annual meeting of the  
Woburn Firemen's Relief Association  
held Wednesday evening, May 11, the  
following officers were elected: President,  
F. E. Tracy; Secretary, G. H.  
Newcomb; Financial Secretary, G. H.  
Brauer; Treasurer, E. E. Stowers;  
Auditors, J. C. Larock, J. H. Bates,  
F. M. Doherty; Trustees of Burial  
Lot, John Kenney, Amos Bryantown, J.  
Bates.

The JOURNAL's last week's appeal  
for the display of more American Flags  
in this city had a good effect. By  
Saturday afternoon the whole city was  
glorious in bunting and the places  
where it did not wave were like angels'  
visits few and far between. We were  
well aware of the patriotism of our  
people, but they had not given the Flag  
question quite as much thought as it  
deserved until reminded of their duty  
by the JOURNAL.

— One of the finest American Flags  
in the city, proudly floats over the  
JOURNAL office building as a token of  
the loyalty and patriotism which the  
premises shelter. Mr. Gilman F.  
Jones, the owner, went to Boston last  
Saturday and purchased the Flag and by  
7 o'clock that evening, under the direction  
of Mr. Cyrus Lamb, it was unfurled to  
the breeze.

— The electric cars leave Woburn  
for Arlington 5 minutes before and 25  
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Woburn people going to Boston by that  
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— A musicale for the benefit of  
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## HE WORE LOUD HOSE.

BUT NOW HE IS CONTENT WITH PLAIN BLACK OR BLUE.

The True Story of the Embarrassing and Exciting Incidents Which Led Up to His Determination to Confine Himself to Sad Hued Socks.

One business man in Minneapolis has abandoned sporty hose. There was a time when a display of his socks upon the line in wash day was warranted to draw a crowd. The rest of his garb was ducor enough, but when it came to hose he turned an effulgent fancy loose, and the result was fearful and wonderful. Friends said, "Where on earth does he get the atrocious things?" and his wife cajoled, ridiculed and threatened to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequalled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than any physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonial which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

## GERMAN MOCK WAR.

ELABORATE SYSTEM OF DUMMIES REPRESENTS THE FOE.

William's Army Practice as Seen by an Official Eye—Training That Sometimes Kills and Frequently Cripples—The Fields Are "Reserved."

Though the German soldiers do not get the steady practice in real fighting that the British troops have the kaiser does not allow his men to rust. Periodically bodies of German troops are dispatched into some part of German territory that presents as many difficulties as possible, with orders to attack or defend certain positions under all the conditions of real war.

If the cavalry has orders to charge, the charge must be made with the desperation and recklessness of men who are riding through deadly fire. Artillery is hurled headlong into country that often is difficult for infantry. Men and horses go down and die, and the common events of the routine. Only occasionally are these made public, as for instance the great one when two bodies of heavy cavalry rode into each other at full speed, killing and wounding many men.

Great areas are "reserved"—practically seized—for the purposes of these evolutions. A circle of sentries is posted around the reserved territory, and the people who live in it are ordered to leave their houses and to remain outside of the lines until the practice is ended. In artillery practice particularly this clearing of the territory to be used is done with particular care, for the artillery fire is genuine, service shot and shell being used.

A remarkable feature of German artillery mock battles is the use of actually wooden figures to represent the enemy. These are copies of infantry, artillery and cavalry and are worked by an elaborate system of wires. As these evolutions take place in the winter, the cavalry dummies are mounted on sleighs and come down on the artillery in regular charges.

An official German eyewitness describes an artillery attack as follows: "The terrain has been cleared of all except the military. In long columns the gun crews ride a ravine, the last cover before they go into action. Six great horses draw each gun. A messenger comes galloping from the front with the order to move. 'Mount! Trot!' command the officers. The long lines then run up the ravine. Officers fresh from reconnaissance clattered down the lines and report to battery chiefs that there is no cover whatever. The gun crews position themselves, that swift movement of the gun is necessary to bring them into action with the least possible loss of men, as the enemy's fire controls the place."

"By this time the upper end of the ravine is reached. 'Battery, gallop-march!' and with furious speed the heavy gun goes into the open—into unknown, snow covered country full of trenches and deep cuts. Perhaps this is the most exciting maneuver of the day. Snow covered water course and drainage canals cut the country up. A horse falls. Riders and gun thunder on top of it. Axles break and men fall beneath iron hoops."

"Now there is pale lightning in the misty distance. Then, even during the reckless charge, the artillerymen must mark the way. The gun crews ride on the flats, the gun crews ride on the flats, for the flame is the only sight of the whereabouts of the enemy."

"Quickly the batteries form in line, the battery chiefs, far ahead, stand high in their stirrups and raise their arms to signal 'Halt!' In an instant the cannoneers are out of the saddle and almost at once the first shot booms from the right wing. A great crowd of smoke and snow dust shows where it has struck, but the dim flash of the enemy's gun through the vapor shows that it has fallen short. The next shot comes from our left wing, and this time we have dropped it into the woods that cover the foe."

"Now we have him caught between the tines of our fork shots, and closer and closer we crowd him with the ever concentrating fire of our mobile batteries. At last we throw a shell into the woods in the rear, which bursts. As the white smoke rises it makes a shining background, against which the dummies, representing the enemy's artillery, are plainly visible for a moment. Merrily the shrapnels fly now and smash into them."

"Then, moved from the sides with long wires, infantry and sharpshooters appear here and there. The batteries must direct their fire in all directions in quick changes until they have made the whole line of woods untenable."

"When that is accomplished, there burst with startling suddenness several squadrons of cavalry from the trees. They come swiftly, as if they had grown out of the earth, and approach the batteries with startling speed."

"Slowly a few trial shots are thrown toward them to get their range. There is a roar, a bound. Then the air is full of metal. Figures fall here and there, more and more; faster and faster scream the shots. At last the line of fire makes a steady roar, in which individual guns cannot be discerned, and the squadrons are wiped out."—New York Sun.

## WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL.

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors.

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

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## Literary Notices.

Some of the special features of the May number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE are: Awakened Russia, with 14 illustrations. The Trans-Isthmian Canal, with map. East Side Considerations, 10 illustrations. Varallo and the Val Sesia, 11 illustrations. Some Byways of the Brain. University Life in the Middle Ages, 5 illustrations. In addition to these papers are: Roderic Corner, Old Chester Tales, How Order No. 6 Went Through, The Bishop's Memory, The Thunder Chief, with poems, Editor's Study, Editor's Drawer, and many other good things.

HARPER'S is sold by the N. E. News Co., Boston; and at the Woburn Bookstore, S. Horton.

The sketches by Paul Bourget which have attracted attention as presented in translation in THE LIVING AGE, will be followed by one or two delightful groups of sketches by that other master of style, Pierre Loti. These are specially interesting just now because they relate to Spanish life and character. In its issue for May 28, THE LIVING AGE will begin the publication of the most striking English serial of the year, "John Splendid," by Neil Munro, now in course of publication in Blackwood's Magazine. THE LIVING AGE has bought the right to print this story from the owners of the American copyright, and will continue its publication in weekly instalments until it is completed.

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The porter looked worried. Then he brightened up.

"Ef I cud make so bold as to offah dem sub, yoh end have my shooes fot dem bein."

He pulled off a shoe as he spoke, and Smith tried to put it on. It was too small by several sizes, and as the full awkwardness of the situation dawned on him, he grew pale. He knew that he wouldn't miss that meeting, though. It meant thousands of dollars to him. Of course he could take a cab at the station, but he would have to go out to the cab. He looked down at his hose. For the first time in his life he thought they looked too gay. He had been proud of those socks. They were turquoise blue, with red polka dots, and he remembered that when he bought them he hesitated because he thought they seemed subdued in tone. Now they shrieked loudly.

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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1898.

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### THE WAR.

War news, or that which the metropolitan papers would have the public believe to be such, is getting terribly monotonous. For more than a week it has consisted mainly in guessing the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet (if there is one), and orders and counter orders for the movements of the land troops.

Concerning the Spaniards the authorities appear to know absolutely nothing, and as for the army, one day it is going to invade Cuba instantaneously, and the next it is massing at Key West, or somewhere else. The people are getting out of patience.

The most hopeful sign is the rumored dissolution of the War Advisory Board at Washington. If there were less Boards to conduct the business of the Navy and Army; less effort to get Congressmen's sons and the relatives of other distinguished civilians, high positions; more work and less "fooling" the war might be brought to a close in short order. Oh, for one week of Grant!

The latest "news" is that chasing the Spanish fleet is to be given up and the invasion of Cuba undertaken at once. The Spanish Commodore is too sharp for our Naval authorities and he and his fleet is to be left to their own sweet will and Havana to be taken. Tomorrow quite likely it will be something quite different.

The way to end the war is to mass our fleet in front of Morro Castle, land 75,000 soldiers, give the command "Forward, March," and Cuba will be in the hands of Uncle Sam and the war ended within 10 days.

Unless the friends of each slip up on their calculations John W. Johnson, Esq., and President W. F. Davis of the City Council, will be candidates for the office of Mayor next fall. Mayor Feeney has made up his mind not to run for another term which leaves the field clear for any other candidates who may feel like taking a hand in the game. It is said that the gentleman above named will be in.

Company G of the 5th Regiment entertain strong hopes of soon being sent to the front, and it looks now as though their wishes would be gratified. If the 5th are given a chance they will show as good fighting qualities as any Regiment in the field. Capt. Hanson thinks he sees a good opening for the boys, even if they were not the first to be called into service.

Next Tuesday, May 24, the First Battalion, Companies A, E, G, L, Fifth Massachusetts Regiment, will report for duty. Company A will go to Plum Island, and E, G and L will report to Adjutant Locke at Gloucester, the camp there being named Camp Wolcott at the suggestion of Colonel Whitney of the Regiment.

Reports from Washington are to the effect that the President is contemplating a second call for troops the number being set from 50,000 to 150,000. The call is to be issued in a few days the same reports say.

### LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.  
Advertiser—Globe, Let.  
P. L. Converse—Mort. Sale.  
F. W. Graves—Adm. Notice.  
P. H. & Co.—Dishes.

A powerful rain storm prevailed in this section Sunday night.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, seen next to last column, this page.

We hear that a subscription is being taken up to purchase a Flag for the First church.

Miss Clarabel D. Flinn is doing clerical work at the Congregational House in Boston.

Rev. Dr. March will deliver the Memorial Address at the High School at 11 A. M., May 27.

The town is radiant in apple blossom, and what is there in the floral kingdom more beautiful?

The wedding of Dr. Seth W. Kelley and Miss Clara Louise Nichols will take place on June 2.

Miss Anna Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, has returned from a lengthy sojourn in the South.

Men's Blue Serge Suits are in season. Ten and Fifteen dollars at Hammond & Son's. Sizes for every one.

Only one Spanish flag has been seen to wave in this city since the declaration of war, and that was soon hauled down.

The largest variety of Straw Hats in Woburn can be seen at prices that will suit the trade. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

If you are in need of any clothing call upon this "up-to-date" house on Saturday and secure one of these valuable booklets.

The Alpine Club will furnish vocal music for the exercises on Memorial Day. A good choice.

The Celtic Association are going to have some great doings, including a flag raising, on Memorial Day, May 30.

Deacon Hiram Whitford will be 80 years the same day on which the First church Sunday School holds its 80th anniversary this year.

Dr. Seth W. Kelley, raised a handsome flag over the ridgepole of his residence last Wednesday. It looked fine and waved grandly.

We have in hand communication from Prof. Spyridon D. Contos, Ph. D., of Lowell, which will soon be published in these columns.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write.—tf.

Copeland & Bowser's stock of dry, dress and fancy goods is metropolitan in every particular. There is no call for going to Boston for such goods.

Our esteemed friends Benjamin Champney and Mrs. Wyer leave today for their summer home at North Conway, where we trust they will be happy.

The Straw Hat season has arrived and the latest styles and shapes are displayed in our window. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

The Washington authorities move so slowly that the people around here have stopped running their legs off to get war "news" and gone to planting potatoes.

Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the artist, has just finished the best photographic picture of Woburn that has ever been produced. The view is from Rag Rock.

There is to be a Flag raising on First church at the close of the morning services next Sunday. We surmise that a great many people will be there to see.

On Saturday, May 21, Hammond & Son will present to every purchaser

a pretty little book entitled "Our Navy," and containing 29 illustrations of our best ships.

Main Street's letter in last week's JOURNAL raised a great commotion in certain circles. It evidently touched the raw somewhere. That was what the Consul is actuated by selfish motives.

Maud Wood of Radcliffe College delivered what the Boston papers called an interesting address at the annual meeting of the New England Woman's Suffrage Association at No. 3 Park st., Boston, last Tuesday. She was introduced to the audience by Mary A. Livermore, who presided at the meeting.

Capt. Jacob M. Ellis left here last Saturday morning for Hot Springs, Bath county, Va., where he intended to spend a week or so. He arrived there a year or two ago some time and became so enamored of the place that he didn't see how he could get through the spring without making another visit.

Last week the Woburn Woman's Club donated \$25 to the James Russell Lowell Fund, which was a handsome and liberal thing to do. The Fund is being raised to save the estate of the late James Russell Lowell, Poet, at Cambridge, as a monument to his memory and to save it from the clutches of speculators.

Those who have not yet secured

a copy of Elmira A. Pierce's beautiful book, "Residential Woburn," had better do so at once or they may get left, as the edition is limited and will go quickly. It is only \$1.25 per copy, although it is worth at least \$2.00.

Drop a postal to Mr. Pierce, addressed to 57 Bow street.

Mr. William Redford of Bennett street who was badly hurt five months ago was out yesterday although still very weak. The city will probably be called to account for Mr. Redford's injuries.

The photographic group of Woburn members of Co. K, 39th Regiment, on exhibition at the store of Richardson Brothers, is not only a good one, but it will be history one of these days.

There was a hitch in the trains from Boston last Sunday morning and for awhile Organist Hood was worried lest his singers could not get to the church in time to take part in the opening anthem.

Do not wait until all the best shapes and sizes have been selected by the other fellow. We haven't had much warm weather, but our Straw Hats are going fast. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

Our best thanks are due to City Clerk Finn for a bound copy of the City Department Reports of 1897. Col. John Connolly and Capt. Edward Simonds have also laid us under obligations for favors.

Mr. Mark C. Felch, the meat and grain dealer, is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia. He was taken three weeks ago and has been very ill. If nothing happens he will soon be out again.

Mr. Worthley, the eye specialist and scientific optician, will be at his office in this city, the jewelry store of Capt. L. E. Hanson, on Thursday, May 26. His patrons will please bear him in mind.

His many friends will be glad to learn that Mr. P. G. Hanson of Cambridge street is much better and hopes to drive out in a few days. He has had a serious time of it, but is now able to walk about the house.

— Fires.—The alarm from box 42 at 12 o'clock last Saturday noon, was for a brush fire off Beach street. Last Sunday morning about 4 o'clock box 55 was rung in for a fire which partly destroyed the machine shop occupied by F. S. Bassett on Conant street. The prompt arrival good work of the Fire Dept. saved the building and contents from destruction.

— Mr. Amos Cummings.

Mr. Amos Cummings, a long resident and prominent merchant of this city, passed away at his home on Main street, about midnight, on Friday evening, May 14, 1898, of nervous prostration and consequent heart failure.

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A robust, many-saved, young baby girl nesting in her bosom — what can any woman say? — is a boon that Heaven intended should be granted to us, for this because they have neglected to look after their health in a womanly way. The health of a woman's babies is dependent upon her own health and the care of her prospective maternity. The prospective mother cannot be too particular about her physical condition. If she suffers from local weakness, she must be strong and healthy, her children will be weak, puny and sickly. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only enduring cure for the physical condition of the womb and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It makes the prospective mother strong and robust. It robes maternity of its perils. It insures a baby constitutionally strong. It is the invention of an eminent and skillful physician who had thirty years' training in this particular branch, during which time he and his staff of physicians have prescribed for many women and their babies, and have never sold it and an honest dealer will not urge upon you an inferior substitute merely for the little added profit he may make thereon.

"I am a widow with a half month old," writes Mrs. J. H. Clough, (Box 203) of Lisbon, Grafton Co., N. H. "I cannot give you a more cordial praise to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pillbox contains the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. One "Pill" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. Druggists sell them, and nothing is "just as good."

#### BUTTERCUPS AND CLOVER.

Down on the desk she laid her head,  
The starting tears concealing,  
Down in her heart the ache was there,  
The dreamy homesick feeling.

The little mistress, all alone,  
Felt friendless and forsaken,  
That she had no one to love,  
Had all her contrite taken.

"Nobady cares," she whispered low,  
She sobbed, was crying,  
She listened to the plaintive breeze  
That through the pines came sighing.

She heard a noise, and some one new  
Was through the entry walking,  
And then was standing by her chair,  
Just at her elbow, talking.

"Please, tell me a foolish voice,  
What is it like, what say?"  
You looked as though your mother would  
Not let you go out playing.

"I thought that you was feeling bad  
And that you'd like some candy,  
But when I hunted my bank  
There wasn't a penny handy."

"And so I went and brought you these,  
Just buttercups and clover,"  
Her tears were falling on the flowers,  
But soon the shower was over.

Rehearsing the lines of the play,  
"You see, I spent the money,"

Then showed her in the clover blossoms  
How she might find the honey.

"Dear little Jack!" Some one did care.  
She kissed him three times over,  
The whole room seemed to be in bloom  
With buttercups and clover."

—Arthur Ward in *Youth's Companion*.

#### WIGGLESBY'S LOVE.

When a man has lived to the mature age of 40 outside the pale of matrimony and during the last half dozen years of that period has scarcely looked at a woman, there is very little hope for him.

Such, at least, was the case with Zeke Wigglesby. Whenever Wigglesby saw himself in his mirror, which happened once a day, when he shaved himself (not being vain or a woman, Wigglesby had no occasion to consult it often), he had a deplorable habit of addressing congratulatory remarks to his reflection in the glass on the fact that they—he and the shadow—were "able to get along without the silly sex" as Wigglesby alliteratively expressed it.

I use the term deplorable, and it certainly is, deeply so, when an otherwise sensible man is addicted to talking to himself in the glass and trying to deceive himself into the belief that he is a perfectly happy and contented old bachelor, when such a thing is an utter anomaly and impossibility.

Wigglesby knew at the bottom of his heart that the life he was leading was unsatisfactory and incomplete, that his daily self-congratulations were a hollow mockery and a farce, and one thing more than all else that caused him to realize this was an occasional glimpse which was vouchsafed him of a plump young widow who had recently moved into the roomy old farm house across the way.

For years in place opposite had been what is known as an abandoned farm, but it had lately come into the possession of Mrs. Wiltsey, a substantial and pleasant looking widow, who, in company with a younger sister, had moved there from the city to engage in the fascinating and (sometimes) profitable pursuit of chicken raising.

Until this time Wigglesby's daily vision had been undisturbed by the sight of a woman, save when one happened to drive by, and in that case there was no law compelling Wigglesby to look at her, and he really didn't.

Wigglesby attended to himself after a fashion of his own which was certainly original, though it probably would bother him some to secure a patent on it.

He had a way of making a bed, for instance, so that nobody on earth except Wigglesby himself could tell which end was intended for the head and which the foot, and sometimes he couldn't. And when it came to baking flapjacks, a dish of which he was very fond, Wigglesby usually distributed the dough impartially over the top of the stove, the griddle and the floor, so that when he got through preparing the meal the kitchen looked as if the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought over again on the spot, with dough for ammunition.

It was one of those interesting occasions — when Wigglesby was struggling with a refractory batch of flapjacks, I mean — that he received his first call from Mrs. Wiltsey, the plump widow across the way. He had a griddle full of flapjacks baked on one side, and he was making a heroic effort to turn them over, using a table knife for that pur-

pose, so they could bake on the other, when a pleasant face suddenly appeared in the half opened doorway and a musical voice said:

"Excuse me! This is Mr. Wigglesby, I presume!"

The flapjack which Wigglesby was in the act of turning dropped with a thud to the floor, and poor Wigglesby turned all the colors of the rainbow at once and incoherently stammered:

"N-n-no — I m-mean yes, I'm — Mr. Wigglesby — I should say Wiggleby, and — and —"

"And I'm Mrs. Wiltsey, your new neighbor, and I can't find my tack hammer, and I would like to borrow yours a little while if you don't mind lending it. But I see I'm interrupting your work, and — pardon me, but your flapjacks are burning. Allow me to turn them for you, won't you? There, now they are all right, but you really need a!"

"Oh, no! N-no, I don't!" interrupted Wigglesby hastily. "Really, I'm —"

"Why, yes, you do, Mr. Wigglesby," calmly went on the plump widow. "You need a regular pan-take turner! They only cost a few cents, and you would find it ever so much handier than a knife for such work."

"Gosh, that was a narrow escape!"

I thought she was going to say a — wife," muttered Wigglesby to himself as he dashed out of the room in search of the tack hammer.

"Thank you very much!" said Mrs. Wiltsey, with a grateful smile, when Wigglesby returned with the required article. "It is real kind of you to lend your hammer, and I will be sure to bring it back the minute I'm through using it."

"You're welcome, I — I'm sure, and — and there's no hurry about bringing it back." Wigglesby managed to stammer as his fair caller took her departure with the hammer.

After she was gone Wigglesby was unaccountably nervous and dejected. His bachelor bosom had suddenly become filled with a vague unrest, a new, strange longing. Could it be that, after all, there was something lacking in the life he was leading? He wandered restlessly about from room to room, and somehow the big house had never seemed to him so empty as it did then.

Next day there came a timid knock at the door. Wigglesby's heart jumped up into his throat, and he straightway forgot every word of the gracious speech he had planned so carefully.

So, shaving and dressing himself with unusual care, he betook himself across the way and was in the act of ringing Mrs. Wiltsey's doorbell when the plump widow herself came around the corner of the wood shed in her working clothes and with a chuckling and protesting pullet under her arm.

"Why, good afternoon, Mr. Wigglesby!" began she smilingly and without the slightest trace of embarrassment. "I'm so glad you happened to call as you did. Perhaps you can tell me how to make this hen stay on the eggs until they are hatched. She has been sitting two weeks, and now she has taken a notion to quit. This makes the third time I have caught her off the nest in the past two hours."

"But I don't want you to buy it," she laughed. "This is your tack hammer, and my sister said to tell you she was ever and ever so much obliged for the use of it."

"Er — excuse me, miss!" stammered Wigglesby. "I — I — took you for — one of the confounded — er — I should say, female agents, and I — I — I — I — er — oh, Lord, why didn't you let your sister come with it herself? Then this wouldn't have happened."

And with this somewhat lame and incoherent conclusion to his attempted apology Wigglesby seized the tack hammer and fled, leaving his astonished caller still standing at the door.

When Maud Maxwell (for such was the young woman's name), upon her return, laughingly related to her sister the particulars of her interview with Mr. Wigglesby, she wound up by saying, "Don't you think your sister isn't on hand to render the necessary assistance, I would just as soon go along and help as not."

From this it would seem that Wigglesby was improving very rapidly.

"It is very kind of you, I'm sure," said the plump widow, favoring Wigglesby with a grateful smile, which upset him so he came near dropping the hen he was holding.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Wiltsey. "I thought of doing so, but wasn't sure whether it was right or not. Just hold her a minute, will you, while I hunt up a rope to tie her down with."

And the next thing Wigglesby knew he was standing there alone, looking very foolish, but happy, with that balky hen tightly clasped in both hands, while his hustling neighbor had vanished in search of the requisite cord to secure the fowl at the nest.

She presently returned with it and offered to relieve Wigglesby of his charge, but Wigglesby said,

"No, it will take at least two persons to properly anchor that pullet on the nest, and, seeing that your sister isn't on hand to render the necessary assistance, I would just as soon go along and help as not."

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## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1898.

## THE PUBLIC LIBRARY PARK.

Several times during the last year the JOURNAL has spoken of a plan which the Trustees of the Woburn Public Library have of laying out and constructing a park in the rear of the Library building, the same to include the utilization of the Town Meadow. The public have been desirous of seeing the plan carried through.

Recently the Trustees have employed a Boston landscape gardener to examine the land, and a civil engineer to estimate the cost of drainage, all with a view of laying out such a park as has been for some time contemplated by the Trustees, and the report of each is highly favorable for such enterprise.

To successfully execute the design of the Library authorities, it would be necessary for the city to expend about \$800 in changing drain pipes in the streets to enable the water from Town Meadow to be carried off. This sum, we suppose, the city would willingly pay to secure so valuable an addition to our public park system. The Library Trustees are legally prohibited from spending money for such purpose outside of the Library property, hence the necessity of asking the city to give the small amount which the Engineer reported would be required to perfect the drainage. The city could not spend \$800 more profitably, for by doing it a beautiful and much needed park would be secured.

If this plan is consummated the work will become the northern terminus of a parkway from Woburn Centre to the Mystic or Winchester Parkway, one of the most delightful in the suburbs of Boston. Col. Livermore of the State Board of Park Commissioners will be our here in a few days and go over the route for such a drive with Hon. E. D. Haydon and such other citizens as may join them, with a view of building the extension from the Mystic Boulevard.

It is to be hoped that the city authorities will make the appropriation and take any other measures that may be necessary to secure the handsome park contemplated by the Library Trustees.

## OFF TO CAMP.

When Company G left here at 7:35 last Tuesday morning for Camp Woburn at Gloucester many hundreds of people gathered at the railroad station and gave them a rousing sendoff. It was the welkin hereabouts rang with shouts and nearly got cracked, if not smashed all to pieces, it did so when the boys boarded the train for camp. It seemed as though the hurrahing must have been heard miles around. Capt. Hanson walked and looked happy.

The programme laid out was for the battalion to have a parade on reaching Boston and there take boat for Gloucester, where if no further orders are received they will remain and drill 8 days and then return to their respective Armories.

There is some doubt as to their future. The 5th Regiment have not yet been mustered into the U. S. service and may not be for some time; but from present appearances they are liable to be called very soon, and the possibilities are that Co. G will not come back at the close of their present State service, but will be ordered to the South. It was chiefly in view of such a possibility, or probability, that the "Patriotic Sunday" was held here on May 22.

At anyrate, the boys must have been pleased with the attentions shown them by our citizens at their leave taking and the royal sendoff they received on the occasion.

## CIVIL SERVICE.

For a year and a half some of the Departments of the Woburn city government have been doing business in violation of the Civil Service laws. The State Board have been cognizant of all the facts during a large part of that time. They have been importuned to interfere and, in response have made one or two perfunctory moves to have the laws enforced. They, or somebody else, procured an opinion from the Attorney General in the Water Registrar case which was clearly against the action of our Water Board and then the Water Board were indicted. The indictment was returned into Court, the case docketed, and that was the end of it. Why did not the Civil Service Commissioners prosecute the case? They know, but nobody else does.

The present Board of Public Works appointed a Clerk last month clearly in violation of the Civil Service rules. What have the Commissioners, whose duty is to handle such cases, done about it? They have written a letter of inquiry to the Board, and there the matter hangs.

The course of the Commissioners concerning these violations of law by the Woburn authorities calls for an investigation, or at least an explanation, and it is more than likely that one or the other will come before long.

## THE WAR.

Nothing has been done by the Navy or Army since our last issue worthy of public mention. A great many things were going to be accomplished "within the next 24 hours," according to the newspapers, but no material change in affairs has really taken place.

It looks now as though the Spanish fleet were in Santiago de Cuba, but this even is not a sure thing, and even if so, the "Strategy Board" are at odds as to what course shall be taken with it.

The President has called for 75,000 more troops.

## ANOTHER CALL FOR TROOPS.

President McKinley has issued another call for troops. He wants 75,000 this time, and when furnished will swell our army to 280,000 men.

This looks as though Company G would get a chance to fight after all.

If President McKinley could manage somehow to get a few more "Strategy Boards" the country would be safe. The present Board is a laughing stock in Europe as well as among sensible people of this country. If Dewey had not got beyond reach of the President's "Strategy Board" he never would have taken Manila.

We are under obligations to Representative Wood for a copy of the reproduction of Bradford's History of "Plymouth Plantation," the manuscript of which was confiscated by the British soldiers while they occupied Boston in 1775, and recovered last year from the English archives. The work has been printed by the State and is very valuable. It gives fac simile pages of the original, the spelling and quaint composition are reproduced, and it contains a great fund of useful information. The authorities are chary in the matter of distributing the book, but Rep. Wood succeeded in getting a copy for the JOURNAL, for which we thank him.

Congressman Barrett of the Lynn District has given public notice that he will not be a candidate for re-election this fall. His declaration was a surprise to almost everybody for it was generally thought that his political ambition would not allow him to throw up a good thing when he had it. Already scores of patriots have enlisted for his place.

LOCAL NEWS.  
New Advertisements.

Hill—For Sale—  
J. W. Johnson—Citation  
Co-operative Bank—Notice.  
H. B. Parker—Notice.  
Cummings, Chute & Co.—Closing.  
License Commissioners—Application.

There was a nice rain on Monday night.

Lawyer E. H. Lounsbury is on the mend.

John L. Sullivan is coming (June 9) sure enough.

Work on the enlargement of St. Charles church will soon begin.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

The Celtic Association will hold a grand picnic in Baldwin's Grove next Monday.

There is to be a meeting of the Board of Public Works this evening.

We were glad to see Mr. John Plummer walking along the streets the other day.

Get a good ready for "All the Comforts of Home" at the Auditorium on Wednesday evening. He looks out for the poor and needy, which are in our category.

Doctors Bartlett and Chalmers were called to attend to Mr. Herbert Lord's case.

The 80th anniversary of the First church Sunday School will be celebrated on June 19.

Mr. Frederic H. Lewis has received an honorable discharge from Co. G, 5th Regiment.

Take particular notice, please, of the closing notice of the grain and coal dealers in this paper.

Clerk McAvoy is getting the records of the Board of Public Works into shape for public inspection.

Next Monday the postoffice will be open for business from 6:30 to 9 a. m., and from 6:30 to 7:30 p. m.

Two of the boys didn't show up when Co. G left here Tuesday morning. They finally got round all right.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Towle are "At Home" at 56 Peter Parley street, Jamaica Plain. Excellent folks they are too.

Capt. Hanson came up from Camp Woburn yesterday but made a short stay. He reported Co. G boys all right.

We understand that the Baptist church will hold a "Patriotic Sunday" day after tomorrow. Patriotism is catching.

Fred W. Ruggles is to manage the Jerusalem Spring House at Canaan, N. H., again this year. He is a great hotel manager.

Mr. Edward Caldwell, the furniture merchant, proposes to have one of the flag raisings which we read about next Monday.

Wallace T. Conn belongs to the First Regt. Heavy Artillery, U. S. Vol., and is stationed at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

The Wakefield & Peabody line of street railroad being opened one may now go direct from Woburn to Salem on the electrics.

Several housekeepers on Pleasant st. have been victimized lately by milkmen. If caught they should be severely punished.

Reckon there is no telling when the Lexington Street railroad will be built. It does not look now as though it would ever be.

Will the "gentle reader" please take particular notice of Copeland & Bowes' new notice in this paper? It is interesting reading.

City Solicitor decides that the city has no authority to appropriate the \$300 asked for to defray the expenses of Company G now in camp.

We understand that Inuiton Canoe Club will enter the Lowell races on May 30. If they do they will win, for our boys are built that way.

The right man to apply to for the purchase of an American Flag is Mr. Albert B. Dimick, 47 Fowle st. He furnished the fine First church one.

Mr. E. A. Hill of Tawksbury advertises some firstclass real estate for sale. It is situated 7 miles from Woburn. Read his announcement.

St. John Baptist Church will give May Party on next Monday evening, May 30, at their house of worship. Tickets 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write—

Miss Maud Littlefield, the popular violinist, is much demand at public and private musical entertainments. She is very accomplished and masterful with the bow.

St. John Baptist Church will give a patriotic day at the Wyman School last Tuesday. The exercises were a prelude to Memorial Day and of interest. A portrait of Longfellow was presented, compositions were read, there was an address, and the season was most profitably spent. Miss Perkins is one of our best teachers.

A site for the new High School has been as good as decided on. It is the high ground in the rear of the residence of Dr. John M. Harlow, a slightly, airy peak, the best in our judgment that could be found in the city. The authorities are to be congratulated on the admirable choice they have made for the building.

On Thursday evening June 2, at 7:30 o'clock, the Unitarian Parish will render a reception to Rev. and Mrs. Henry C. Parker at the parlor of the church in honor of the tenth anniversary of their coming to Woburn. This reception will take the place of the regular supper and social of the Ladies' Charitable Society and all interested are invited to attend.

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We have some bargains in Ladies Kid, Button and Lace BOOTS, SIZES: 21, 3, and 21.

Which we will sell less than cost to make.

We also have what is called Ladies' full ankle Boots, Open Toe, \$2.50, very stylish, for \$2.00 and \$2.50.

J. LEATHE,

425 Main St., Woburn

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Biopsies, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, disturbed sleep, nervousness, headaches, giddiness and drowsiness, wind and pain or fullness of the stomach after meals, cold chills and flushings of heat, soreness of breast and lungs, bluish color of the skin, and of course, the bluish color of the face, if there is any. These are the symptoms of a physician and he will tell them with the name of some disease, less serious than disease. Every time that you come one of them to him you draw out some of your funds in the bank of Health. Keep it and there will soon be funds enough to pay for the physician.

The man who suffers from these disorders and neglects them will soon be in the relentless grasp of some fatal disease. If he has a cold, it will probably be consumption; if his father or mother died of paralysis or some nervous trouble, it will probably be paralysis; if he has a fever or prostration, or even insanity; if there is a taint in the family blood, it will be blood or skin disease; if he lives long, it will be malaria; if he lives a life of exposure, it may be rheumatism. There is just one safe course for a man to take, and that is to be on the alert for the symptoms of sorts and suffering from the symptoms described. It is to resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine makes the body strong, keeps all the disorders of the digestion, renders assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies and strengthens the blood, tones up the healthy flesh and nerve tissue. It cures almost all diseases that result from insufficient proper nourishment of the body, and it cures all sorts of aches and even lung affections, when not too far advanced, yield to it.

"Took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for Dr. W. H. Wallace, and it completely cured me."

LILIES.

I like not lady slippers,  
Nor yet the sweet pea blossoms,  
But when the rose,  
I like the chalice lilies,  
The heavy eastern lilies,  
The gorgeous tiger lilies,  
That in our garden grow.

For God's sake, forgive me!" whispered Marmaduke. A furious retort was on the other's lips, but he checked himself at the look of utterable anguish on Wynne's face. A pitying haze came to his eyes and he turned away, shrugging his shoulders.

The fire ceased on all sides of the square, and a handful of hussars galloped forth to ride down the retreating enemy.

Marmaduke lay panting on the ground by the walls. A fatigued party, 20 feet away, was pumping up the yellow, fetid water through a leaky hose. A squall crowd of men were scattered about, groping in meat tins which emitted a horrid odor of decay. Marmaduke was dying of hunger and thirst, but he dared not eat such food. At the sight of it his hand went instinctively to his nose. So it was with the water. To assuage his thirst he sucked the buckle of his sword belt; to keep down the pangs of hunger he munched a piece of biscuit, turning it over many times in his mouth and only swallowing a particle at a time. It was not hunger that he minded; it was thirst.

Suddenly the pumping stopped. "Hallelujah!" sang out a voice. "Well, of all the blooming things!"

"What's the matter?"

"Who'd have thought we'd have chawned on the blessed mawdie's wine cellar!"

Marmaduke sprang to his feet.

One of the fatigued party stretched over the well had pulled out from some esoteric place of concealment one, two, three, four, five, six bottles of champagne. The men gathered round.

"Koch Fils, 1884," read one slowly. "Guess this ain't no ginger beer, anyhow!"

For once Marmaduke had his wits about him. "Give you a tenner for the lot!" he shouted. The finder of the treasure trove stared at him impudently. It does not take long for a soldier to reckon up his officer when he has seen him under fire.

"Five quid apiece is my price," he replied. "There ain't no bloomin' civil service stores out here."

Marmaduke flushed angrily, but he handed the man a promissory note and took two bottles.

"Am I to take this seriously?" he asked at length.

"Yes," muttered Marmaduke.

A white-haired, soldierly old gentleman met another white-haired, soldierly old gentleman on the shady side of Pall Mall.

"Hello, Wynne! How are you and how's your son?" said the second to the first.

"I am well, thank you," came the answer stiffly.

"And what's become of your boy?" asks the first; then adds suddenly: "What's wrong with you, old fellow? You look all queer."

"My boy's dead. Dead in Egypt. Dead to drink. And all because of that infernal war office."

"Yes, the war office." The writer that night, in the same chapter, it is written, that the native doctors among his people sit at the bedside of the sick and sing monotonous chants, repeated over and over, throughout the whole night. No additional treatment beyond conjuring is applied. Many patients are doubtless cured, the only virtue of the treatment being the relief of pain and the nourishment of the system by sleep produced by monotony. Repeated rocking produces sleep, and does repeat the monotony, which refreshes the mind to a normal degree. Almost every one has tried the experiment of counting himself to sleep. Men have been readily put to sleep by being made to hear water drop constantly. A watch ticking under the pillow will produce the same result until one becomes so accustomed to its monotony that it is no longer heard. According to the Russian authority, old time nobles of her country were put to sleep by their servants commanding them to sleep in a room of consciousness, surrounded. The lullaby of the American mother probably sleep because of its monotony.

The following is an interesting fact taken at hazard: Seventy-seven gallons of beer are consumed in this country for every gallon of wine that is drunk. Could any clearer proof be wanting that it is the masses who drink, not the classes? Scarcely the seventh part of a bottle of champagne per head is drunk per annum by the inhabitants of this country, in the United States scarcely the twentieth part.—*Paul*

STOVE GASOLENE

is the ideal cooking fuel when used in a modern

VAPOR STOVE

Simply perfect for hot weather cooking. You turn it on, light it and begin to cook. Turn it off when the meal is ready. Fuel has cost you but a trifle, and the kitchen is not overheated.

Stove Gasoline is used to-day for every cooking purpose by over 2,000,000 housekeepers, who find it cleaner, cheaper, more convenient and quicker than

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"Too much sleep is thought to be

the cause of many diseases."

"You're drunk," said the subaltern. "At least," he added hastily.

"I'm afraid you must have thought me a beastly fun today," said Wynne, his tongue wagging with wine.

"Oh, nonsense. You merely had a touch of the nerves," said the boy. Wynne was still sober enough to grasp greedily at this merciful theory.

"That was all," he said thickly; "that was all." And he took another pull at the bottle.

"Dashed heady fizz this of yours," said the adjutant. "It's making me sleepy."

"Wine doesn't have that effect on me," excused Wynne fiercely. "It excites me; it sends the blood rushing through my veins, through and through; it braces my nerves; it wires my muscles; it—it!"

"What's that?" asked the adjutant.

Wynne's voice took a metallic note.

"It makes me brave."

"You're drunk," said the subaltern. "At least," he added hastily.

"I am myself," retorted Wynne excitedly. "D—n your insolence! What do you know about me? At this moment I am really myself. I always am when I've wine in me."

"Look at me, look at me!" he said, jumping to his feet and striking a half ridiculous, half heroic, entirely theatrical, attitude.

"I'm a man. I'm not the woman who has behind you and asked your pardon today. I am the real Marmaduke Wynne, an officer and a gentleman and as good and better than

you."

Wynne dared not reply. He knew his teeth would chatter if he opened his mouth. How he envied the other his coolness, and yet hitherto he had never thought him a better man than himself—scarcely had he deemed him as good. It was all a question of temperament, he supposed. Certainly that the latter had killed the savage horseman was entirely thanks to his nerves; there was no courage required to shoot a man 200

yards away if one only knew how to do it. Then he reflected that he himself was afraid to fire off his revolver for fear of hitting his own men. There was nothing cowardly in that; it merely showed his consideration for others or at worst his lack of self-confidence. And yet he knew at the bottom of his soul that he was behaving disgracefully.

He tried to pull himself together, and as a fresh charge came surging forward he made a movement as if to advance to meet it, but a spear whizzed over his head, and in spite of himself he shrank back. The savages rushed upon his men with a dreadful howl, and to his gave way. His sergeant, whom he had relied, was cut down and the young soldiers fell back. He tried to tell them to be steady, but the words would not come. He shook in a palsy of fear, and for one long moment he stood staring at the scene in front of him with the gaze of an idiot.

"Close up, close up!" he heard the adjutant shout. "Wynne, do you want us all massacred?" The boy had jumped unarmed into the breach and knocked an Arab down with his clenched fist. Wynne scolded to follow him, but his limbs refused to serve him.

He closed his eyes in agony • • • opening them again to find the line filled up by fresh men, and the adjutant standing beside him with rage and contempt in his childish eyes.

"For God's sake, forgive me!"

whispered Marmaduke. A furious retort was on the other's lips, but he checked himself at the look of utterable anguish on Wynne's face. A pitying haze came to his eyes and he turned away, shrugging his shoulders.

He went away and found Wynne sitting on a biscuit box, his head in his hands.

"Congratulate you, old chap!"

"What for?" asked Marmaduke, without looking up.

"The chief's recommended you for the cross."

"Me! For the cross?" asked Wynne tonelessly.

"Yes, for you, the cross. I told him how you saved my life last night."

"Saved your life?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?"

"No!"

"What? Don't remember hitting that Hadendon down with the head with a champagne bottle after he'd broken my sword with his nut cracker?"

"I don't remember anything of it; not a thing."

"Well, you are a queer chap! But I suppose the excitement!"

"It wasn't the excitement—my head, my head!" groaned Wynne.

"Well, anyhow, remember it or not just as you please, but you saved my life and the chief's recommended you for the V. C."

Marmaduke sat for some time lost in thought; then he rose and walked unsteadily to the colonel's tent. The latter was writing.

"Day, Wynne! How are you after the scrimmage?"

"I don't want the cross," he said huskily.

The colonel looked up from his writing.

"What's that you say?" he questioned inattentively.

"I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross," Wynne went on moodily, passing his fingers over his eyes as if he were dazed.

"What's that you say?" he questioned inattentively.

"I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross," Wynne repeated.

"What's the matter?"

"Who'd have thought we'd have chawned on the blessed mawdie's wine cellar!"

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## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1898.

## THE WAR.

And still there is nothing new or startling from the seat of War.

Commodore Schley's ships bombarded the forts at Santiago last Tuesday and silenced them. One of the Spanish war vessels was seriously damaged.

The Spanish fleet are bottled up at Santiago, and their destruction is only a question of a short time.

As near as we can find out the land forces are on the move for Cuba.

There is a better outlook for the 5th Mass. Regt. Col. Whitney feels encouraged. It would not be at all surprising if the 5th were soon ordered to the active duty they all so earnestly desire, in fact it is safe to say that such will be the case.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

Sullivan Co.—Theatre, Baptist Church—Festivals, Old Town—Entertainment, J. G. Maguire—Auction Sale, School Committee—Exhibit, Mishawum Club—Entertainment, Remington Bros.—Summer Resorts.

Patriotic neckwear at Hammonds.

A small purse found. Call at this office.

Mr. Alex Grant has put out a fine flag from his residence.

Brooks's "Woburns" is a healthy summer drink. None better.

Another rain storm yesterday. June is not acting just right.

Bicycle suits with caps to match from \$5 to \$12 Hammonds.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Mrs. Bates is quite ill at her mother's, Mrs. Richerson, on Bennett St.

Keep in mind the date of the John L. Sullivan entertainment, June 9th.

Mr. Worthley, the optician, will be at Capt. Hanson's jewelry store on June 9.

Miss M. Evelyn Flagg of Clarendon Park, Boston, visited this city on Memorial Day.

On June 9, John L. Sullivan and his great company will play at the Auditorium.

Don't forget that on June 9, the John L. Sullivan Co. are to appear at the Auditorium.

Horace N. Conn of the First Heavy Artillery is at home on a furlough this week.

Mishawum Club threw out a handsome flag from their clubhouses on Sunday morning.

There are so many flags going up all over the city that there is no keeping track of them.

"All the Comforts of Home" for the benefit of the Home for Aged Women, June 8.

Mr. Robert B. Eaton's new street is to be called Dewey Road, a most appropriate name.

Mrs. John A. Merritt of Templeton visited her mother, Mrs. Delano, in this city last week.

Apply to James McDonald 6 Broad St. for particulars about No. 111 Pleasant St., for rent.

Master George Smith sang Gray's "Dream of Paradise" at Trinity church last Sunday. It was fine.

One of the longest and handsomest flags in the city floats over the Blake residence Abbott Street.

Up-to-date hose for bicycle riders have the fancy gill tops. Hammond & Son show a fine assortment.

Mr. Frank F. Dodge, the leather manufacturer, went to Nova Scotia last week with a party of Boston friends.

A host of people attended the picnic of the Celtic Association last Monday afternoon in Baldwin Grove.

On June 24, St. John's Day, the St. Charles C. T. A. S., will hold a strawberry festival in the Auditorium.

The flag that waves over the residence of Judge Converse ranks A1 among the scores that adorn this city.

Mr. E. J. Gregory has just returned from a visit to the Battle Field of Gettysburg, and other points of interest.

There was never such an exhibition of patriotism in this city as last Monday. Nothing short of war could have done it.

On Thursday evening, June 9, the Industrial Society of the Baptist church will hold an old fashioned strawberry festival.

Mr. Charles E. Tripp entertained Crystal Fount Lodge, L. O. O. F., delightfully with stereopticon views last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Scudder, wife of Pastor Sonder of First Church, returned from her Western visit last week improved in health.

Mr. H. B. Clewley, Landscape Gardener, finds business good this spring. He occupies prominent place in the profession.

Dr. Seth W. Kelley was summoned to go to New Hampshire a few days ago to attend to his father who is dangerously ill.

The play which the John L. Sullivan Company will produce at the Auditorium on June 9 is "A Trip Across the Ocean."

An interesting letter from A. W. Whitcher, the Alaska Gold Hunter, was received just a little too late for the issue of the JOURNAL.

Many of our readers wake up at 3 A. M. to enjoy the morning concert of the Stars? Those who fail to do so miss a rich treat.

Capt. Tay ran out a fine flag over the main entrance of Lyceum Hall last week. The Captain is a veteran of the Civil War and knows what the Stars and Stripes means.

Ald. Cottle and Mr. Jones of the School Board are a committee to arrange the preliminaries to a vote on the new schoolhouse site.

There will be a meeting this evening to devise a way to end the existence of the Board of Trade. It has been in a comatose state for some years.

Mrs. Gibney of Wendall street, Winchester, has found a bunch of keys, which the owner can have by proving property and paying charges.

It is as good as settled by the National military authorities that Co. G will very soon be given a chance to do some fighting with the Spaniards.

The flag raising at No. Woburn Wednesday evening was a great success. Supt. Brackett was Master of Ceremonies, and the supper was superb.

Charles R. Rosequist, 36 Green St. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class make for \$30.00. Call or write.—if.

High School graduating exercises will take place in the Auditorium on Wednesday evening, June 29. They will be followed by a Class reception and party.

It wasn't very polite in "Old Prob." to send a shower while the Posts were away decorating the graves. It was a reason why his loyalty might be doubted.

Dr. H. E. Packer says that when it comes to raising flags he does not propose to be outdone by anybody. A fine one waves from his residence on Pleasant st.

Let everybody attend "All the Comforts of Home" at the Auditorium next Wednesday evening by the Mishawum Club in aid of the Home for Aged Women.

The King's Daughters of Trinity church will give a Gypsy Camp at Mr. Robert B. Eaton's residence, on Wednesday evening, June 22. The lecture was a new one, delivered the first time last Sunday evening.

The American Art Syndicate have now on exhibition in the lobby of the Boston Theatre a collection of paintings among them four famous portraits by eminent foreign masters of art in which is invested \$25,000. They will be on exhibition for a limited period. Doors open from 9 A. M. to 11 P. M.

On Monday afternoon Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., voted 2 to 2 against a continuance of the "House of Lords." The vote of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., last week, was practically unanimous against the "Lords."

The cemeteries of the town were never decorated with flowers more beautifully than last Monday. There was a warmer memorial spirit abroad than that has usually been the case.

It looks as though everybody and the women folks' had made up their minds to see "All the Comforts of Home" by the Mishawum Club at the Auditorium next Wednesday evening.

Both Woburn Bands played out of town on Memorial Day. The National Band played at Stoneham, and the Woburn Brass here in the morning and at Medford in the afternoon.

The Mayors have appointed Dr. D. F. Murphy and Mr. George Buchanan members of the Board of Health vice Conway and Doherty; William C. Kennedy vice Jacob M. Ellis; F. E. Wetherell Registrar of Voters. No appointment has been made to succeed Col. W. T. Grammer, Chairman of Board of Assessors, or Mr. Thomas D. Hevey of the Overseers of the Poor.

The patriotic decorations at Gage & Co's store on Memorial Day were as fine as anything seen within many miles. Flags and bunting were arranged in the windows in nice taste and attracted much attention. Our information leads us to give Mr. Charles Hill considerable credit for the beauty of the patriotic display, although Mr. Flint and Mr. Adams had quite a hand in it.

Mrs. George J. Pindar and daughter Lilian Fay came out from their home in Boston to pass Memorial Day here. They met many friends who were glad to see them. Mrs. Pindar, a good loyal woman, has not missed spending Memorial Day in Woburn, her old home, for many years. She does not forget the "Boys of '61," dead or alive."

The Ladies' Industrial Society of the Baptist church will hold a strawberry festival and entertainment on Thursday evening, June 9, the admission to which will be only 10 cents. The ladies are making preparations for a fine festival and right down good time. Everybody ought to patronize them. Miss Maud Littlefield will give musical selections.

The Woburn Brass Band did not play at Medford last Monday afternoon. They started to go on the electrics but when part way there the power gave out and detained them nearly two hours, so when Medford was reached, after much tribulation and cross country tramping, the Post there had procured another Band, and the Woburn musicians were not in it.

Company G of the 2d Brigade, 5th Regiment, finished their eighth days outing at Cape Ann last Tuesday and returned to the Armory in this city late in the afternoon of that day. So far as weather was concerned the Company had a disagreeable time, for it rained nearly every day last week. They are not feeling amiable over the present outlook for active service in the War.

Flag raising on churches accompanied by patriotic exercises has become quite the proper thing. Rev. Mr. Scudder of the First Church, this city, set the pace, since which we have read of several like ceremonies. Some looked upon Mr. Scudder's action as an unwarrantable innovation, but instead of that he seems to have struck a keynote that other pastors and churches all about us are responding to. It was just the right thing to do.

Seats for the great John L. Sullivan dramatic entertainment at the Auditorium on next Thursday evening, June 9, are selling rapidly. From present appearances there will be a crowded house. John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion, is a tremendously strong drawing card, and he is supported by one of the largest and best dramatic companies on the road. They draw immense houses in New York, Boston, Chicago, and all the largest cities, and on their present tour to full houses every night.

Dr. John M. Harlow left yesterday morning for Providence to attend the Rhode Island State Medical convention as a delegate sent by the Massachusetts State Medical Society. He was appointed during his recent illness and declined the honors, but his declination was not accepted, hence his going yesterday. The Mass. Med. Society was chartered in 1781, and Dr. Augustus Holyoke of Salem was its first President. He lived to be 100 years old. Dr. Harlow has been a member many years.

The clouds broke away and the sun made its appearance about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon after nearly a week of almost continuous rain. While the bulk of the people were growing at the weather one man at least took it philosophically, for he was heard to say that it was "a good time to have tomato plants," and appeared to be happy.

The resolution which we publish today adopted by the "Senate of 1870" at their 28th annual meeting held at Young's Hotel in Boston on May 19, on the death of one of their members, Hon. Joseph G. Pollard, of this city, calls to mind the fact that he had attended 27 of the meetings and never missed one until this year. He was a highly honored member of the association, which is growing smaller and smaller as the years go by.

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Moralists may  
be proud, and doc-  
tors may be  
science about  
from the house-  
top, but just  
as the birds sing and  
the flowers  
are cherry-red, and a  
young  
lads look love, just  
so long the lads  
will have to kiss and kiss again.

And where good men  
kisses and kisses be healthy, and true  
love stands sponsor. It is only when ill-  
health has blasted the sweet cleanliness of  
youth that death lurks upon its lips. The  
dead and the dead even, the dead and the  
harmless as Jimmies butterflies to the  
young man or woman who is thoroughly  
clean sweet and healthy in every fiber and  
tissue, are terms of disease and attack that  
which is already partly dead.

There is a great medicine that is a sure  
and certain protection against germs  
and a sure cure for all germ diseases. It is  
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medicated Discovery.  
It gives youthful zest to the appetite,  
it cements the teeth, it strengthens the body,  
and gives a sense of well-being and health  
and strength. It fills the blood with the  
vital life-giving elements of the food. It  
builds sweet, clean, healthy tissues in  
every part of the body. It cures 99 per cent. of all  
cases of bronchial, throat and lung affec-  
tions if taken in time. All good medicine  
deals with it, and have nothing "just as  
good."

Mr. Jos. Henderson Durlin, of 541 Josephine  
Street, New Orleans, La., writes: "I was going  
for a walk in the park when I had a sudden  
feeling, an loss of energy and appetite.  
I took a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Discovery and my great relief. I took two  
more bottles three in all, and one or two vials  
again. I recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden  
Medicated Discovery to all."

A man who suffers from  
constipation suffers from slow  
poisoning. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant  
Pills cure constipation. It is a gentle  
tincture and a mild cathartic.  
All medical dealers sell them.  
No other pills are "just as good."

#### "TEACH ME."

Teach me, O star of night,  
With modesty, night light,  
Obedient, glad to see me,  
From which God bids me not to stray!  
Teach me, O star of night!

Teach me, O flowers of night,  
To wait for summer bright  
And in the midst of earth's deep woe  
To sprout beneath the winter's snow!  
Teach me, O flower of night!

Teach me, then, verdant wood,  
Teach me, I could  
Each being, friend or foe, whose face  
I come across in life's great race!  
Teach me, then, verdant wood!

Ye ocean waves so fair,  
Teach me, my heart to bear,  
And like you, when day's voices cease  
Reflect a thought of heavenly peace!  
Teach me, O waves so fair!

On a sun at eod of even,  
Direct my thoughts to heaven  
And teach me, in earth's dark night  
To sleep beneath the stars' light!  
Teach me, O sun at even!

—Translated From the Danish of Rev. Christian Richard.

#### IOLANI'S LEAP.

There was intense tribulation among the steers officers of the Vandala as she lay at her moorings in the tranquil harbor of Apia on the occasion of our first visit to the Samoan islands in January, 1859, for scarcely had we left go her bow and stern anchors, as is customary in those treacherous latitudes, when it was discovered that our messman during the commotion attendant therewith had unmercifully slipped over the side and swum to an outward bound merchantman with a view to abruptly severing his relations with the naval service in general and the midshipman of our vessel in particular.

The man, however, as his name indicates, a specimen of a man of war, is notwithstanding his apparent inferiority, from a standpoint of relative rank, an important functionary, particularly when so thoroughly familiar with his duties as was our late incumbent, who, in spite of his characteristic, harum scarum propensities, which had from time to time called forth corrections in various degrees of severity from the members of our mess, was far above the average in his capacity. True, he had a penchant for thrashing every new cook who appeared for duty at the galley, but his sauciness and barking tone were in consequence always given the point of pre-eminence in our mess.

Until the hour of midnight was struck scarcely a breath of air had disturbed the tranquility of the waters, but the simultaneous clanging of the ship's bells seemed to awaken the storm god from his fitful sleep, the dying vibrations merging into a shivering signal which arose from the deck, and had been caused by the fast moving skates. So rapidly did the change transpire that the barometers were all but caught napping, their indicators shifting from one to another with extreme starting suddenness.

Without a moment's delay the recall guns were fired and boats dispatched to the shore for the absentees, while on board extra anchors were got out and everything made snug to meet the imminent tempest. By the time the boats had returned a fierce gale was raging about the island, the sea dashing in high bellowing breakers over the coral reefs, which, adding to the noise of the ship, she should have escaped notice.

What became of Wailoa after we left the island I have never learned, and doubtless were it not for the memory of his noble wife he would long since have passed from my recollection; but when in my reveries I again live through the appalling scenes at Samoa and view the familiar faces of those who perished in our fierce battle with the elements there is always one which lingers in my mind, and it is remarkable how little is known about it in scientific circles and how many misconceptions still prevail as to its nature and habits.

This article is founded on personal observations made during nine years of uninterrupted ostrich farming in the Karoo of the Cape Colony and during travels about the country generally.

The ostrich has been observed with interest from very early times. It has frequently been the subject of remark by African travelers, and it has been domesticated and farmed in the Cape Colony for some 30 years. Yet it is remarkable how little is known about it in scientific circles and how many misconceptions still prevail as to its nature and habits.

Ordinarily the incident would have seemed trivial enough, and had it not been for the sequel which transpired shortly after our return to Apia it probably could never have recurred to my memory.

It came about in the early morning hours of the 16th day of February. Our ship was not alone in the little reef girt harbor. Besides a multitude of smaller craft which had been driven to seek its scant protection from the storms that had been sweeping the surface of the surrounding ocean for a week past, a powerful fleet of war vessels, representing the navies of three great nations, was assembled therein. From the 12th to the 14th the weather had been equally bad and the afternoon a pale, calm prevailed. No leave of absence from the vessel was extended to the crew, but a few of the caterers and messmen, including Wailoa, had been allowed to go ashore for the night in the interest of their duties, with instructions to report at the landing should a signal of three guns be fired.

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scant protection from the storms that had been sweeping the surface of the surrounding ocean for a week past, a powerful fleet of war vessels, representing the navies of three great nations, was assembled therein. From the 12th to the 14th the weather had been equally bad and the afternoon a pale, calm prevailed. No leave of absence from the vessel was extended to the crew, but a few of the caterers and messmen, including Wailoa, had been allowed to go ashore for the night in the interest of their duties, with instructions to report at the landing should a signal of three guns be fired.

Until the hour of midnight was struck scarcely a breath of air had disturbed the tranquility of the waters, but the simultaneous clanging of the ship's bells seemed to awaken the storm god from his fitful sleep, the dying vibrations merging into a shivering signal which arose from the deck, and had been caused by the fast moving skates. So rapidly did the change transpire that the barometers were all but caught napping, their indicators shifting from one to another with extreme starting suddenness.

Without a moment's delay the recall guns were fired and boats dispatched to the shore for the absentees, while on board extra anchors were got out and everything made snug to meet the imminent tempest. By the time the boats had returned a fierce gale was raging about the island, the sea dashing in high bellowing breakers over the coral reefs, which, adding to the noise of the ship, she should have escaped notice.

What became of Wailoa after we left the island I have never learned, and doubtless were it not for the memory of his noble wife he would long since have passed from my recollection; but when in my reveries I again live through the appalling scenes at Samoa and view the familiar faces of those who perished in our fierce battle with the elements there is always one which lingers in my mind, and it is remarkable how little is known about it in scientific circles and how many misconceptions still prevail as to its nature and habits.

This article is founded on personal observations made during nine years of

uninterrupted ostrich farming in the Karoo of the Cape Colony and during travels about the country generally.

The ostrich has been observed with interest from very early times. It has frequently been the subject of remark by African travelers, and it has been domesticated and farmed in the Cape Colony for some 30 years. Yet it is remarkable how little is known about it in scientific circles and how many misconceptions still prevail as to its nature and habits.

Ordinarily the incident would have seemed trivial enough, and had it not been for the sequel which transpired shortly after our return to Apia it probably could never have recurred to my memory.

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## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1898.

## GREAT HONORS PAID THEM.

The story of the sinking of the Merrimac at the mouth of the harbor of Santiago and thus closing the trap on the Spanish vessels in it by the brave Lieut. Hobson and his gallant crew of seven is being told from one end of the country to the other and their names are honored with the highest praise. It was one of the most heroic performances in naval warfare, an act of daring which excited the admiration of even the Commanders of the Spanish fleet, who showed their appreciation of it and good will towards the brave boys by taking them aboard his flagship and immediately sending an offer to Admiral Sampson to exchange them for Spanish prisoners.

When the American commander called for volunteers to undertake the desperate task of sinking the Merrimac 400 men offered to go, but seven only were wanted and Lieut. Hobson was selected to engineer the job. The brave fellows realized that death stared them in the face and it would be the greatest wonder if one of them escaped alive; but all were eager to go. They were subjected to an awful fire from the forts of Santiago but kept right on with their work undismayed until it was finished and the Spanish fleet was bottled up.

To return to their ship was impossible, so they rowed away to Cervera's and were taken aboard as prisoners of war.

Now the country resounds with praises for the bravery and gallantry of these American lads and it is well that their heroic deed is thus acknowledged by a grateful people.

## A BIG JOB DONE.

Last Monday the combined fleets of Admiral Sampson opened a terrific assault on the forts of Santiago and in four hours every one of them, except Morro which was not fired on because it was supposed Lieut. Hobson and his brave companions were imprisoned there, was silenced and virtually destroyed.

Admiral Sampson's 10 ships began the ball at 7 o'clock Monday morning, and it was all over at 11 a.m. The Spanish loss in officers and men was very large, although at Madrid a different report was sent out, as usual.

Not an American man or ship was injured.

While the firing by the American ships was going on a body of U. S. Marines were landed with heavy guns at Aguadores and with the help of Cubans defeated a detachment of Spanish troops and put them to flight.

The Spanish fleet at Santiago might well throw up the sponge at once.

Within a day or two, if they are not already there, 25,000 U. S. troops are to be landed in Cuba, and a short work will be made of Blanco and his army. The end is in sight.

## THE WAR.

Matters at Washington, Key West and Tampa have within the last few days assumed a more warlike appearance. A great deal of red tape has been cut, the result of which is a movement of the troops. General Miles has been induced by Secretary Alger to pay more attention to preparations for capturing Cuba and less to the Spanish troops and put them to flight.

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green St., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class machine for \$30.00. Call or write.—tf.

Hart & Co. have bought the Amos Cummings building. It stands on land owned by them and leased to Mr. Cummings nearly or quite 20 years ago.

It is said that Mr. Martin J. Walsh, until recently Superintendent of Sewers in this city, will soon be given a similar position in Boston. At a recent civil service examination he secured a record of 35 percent. He is unquestionably an expert at the business and when our city let him go they lost a very competent man.

We understand that Mr. Wesley Young, driver of Hook and Ladder, has received notice to quit, and also that he does not propose to quit unless compelled to by law. But then, he will probably have to go, all the same.

When the powers that be want to get rid of an official they generally manage to find a way to do it.

The exhibition in drawing by the Primary and Grammar Schools began yesterday in High School Hall and will be continued this afternoon and evening.

It attracts a large number of people interested in the results of Prof. Carter's instruction in our schools, and we expect the hall will be filled at the two closing sessions of the exhibition.

The injuries which Mr. H. E. Lord received by the upsetting of a load of lumber were not so serious as at first feared, and he is now well along towards fully restored health.

The many friends in this city of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Chamberlain of Oakland, California, are giving them a cordial welcome. They were formerly esteemed residents of Woburn.

The rooms in the Cummings building which Hart & Co. offer for rent are just right for a doctor's, dentist's, lawyers, or any other office. They are fine in every particular.

The boss of street work took possession of his office last week. Common report says he doesn't know the first thing about building roads. That couldn't be said about Hugh Martin.

Deacon O. F. Bryant has been elected Clerk of First church to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Deacon Joseph G. Pollard. He received nearly every vote at the meeting.

The steamer Lewiston of the Bay State Steamship Co., will make daily trips to Newburyport, as delightful a sail as can be imagined, during the summer. It costs only 75 cents for the round trip.

The end of the gay season, the season of amusements, is in sight. After Bunker Hill Day the thoughts of the people will trend sea and mountainward, and preparations for the summer vacation will begin.

At 3:30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon, June 11, Miss Mertena L. Bancroft's pupils will give a piano recital at Music Hall. Those who will be privileged to attend it are expecting a very fine musical treat.

Last Sunday was the first really fine one that has been experienced for many a day. Up to that date the wind, with brief exceptions, had been in the east 52 days. And it hasn't yet got away from that quarter.

At a recent business meeting of the Ladies Charitable Reading Society of First church Mrs. Mary Eliza Conn was elected President to succeed Mrs. Sophie L. Hovey who after four years of good work declined a re-election. Mrs. Florence W. Crosby, who had long been the Society's efficient Secretary, also declined to serve longer in that capacity and Mrs. Shaw was chosen in her place.

Next Friday, June 17, is Bunker Hill Day. No programme, that we are aware of, has been cut out for Woburn doings, but some attention will probably be given to it as usual. Charlestown of course will have a celebration and Woburn people will attend it. It is not forgotten that our old town was settled by Charlestown church people and was once known as Charlestown Village.

If Co. G. don't have a scrap with the Spaniards it will not be their fault. They are aching for one.

Mr. Legg, the photographer, has made the class '98 portraits with which the members are greatly pleased.

Rev. L. W. Slattery has been placed in charge of the Catholic parish at Middleboro.

The postoffice will be open from 6:30 to 9 A. M., and from 6:30 to 7:30 P. M., June 17.

Last week Mrs. Lydia G. Choate raised a beautiful flag over her Warren ave. residence. She is patriotic.

Last Monday Frank Bellou started for Flagstaff, Arizona, where he goes for the benefit of his health.

Charlie A. Jones, Chairman, has resigned from the local Board of Civil Service after several years of work.

President Davis of the City Council has fully recovered from a severe malarial attack and is himself again.

Last Tuesday was another of Lowell's "what so rare as a day in June" and everybody enjoyed it to the full.

Miss Mertena L. Bancroft's piano pupils will give a musical at Music Hall at 3:30 p. m. tomorrow, Saturday, afternoon.

Lawyer Edward H. Lounsbury has had a long fit of sickness. In answer to enquires it was learned that he is on the mend.

The great storm last Friday and Saturday played havoc with many flags and used the young foliage of the shade trees roughly.

Last Monday morning Mr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, threw out a fine flag from his store, which now waves proudly in the breeze.

Mrs. C. F. Whitcher, mother of the Kondikier, is at East Madison, N. H., where she will remain a large part of the present summer.

Copeland & Bowser have a fine stock of summer dry and dress goods, for which they find ready sale. The firm are having a good trade.

Wednesday the mercury ran up to 84 in the shade, and at 7 A. M. yesterday morning it was 73. The great heat wailed people very much.

Hart & Co. advertise rooms to let in the Amos Cummings building. Of course everybody knows that there are no pleasure rooms in the city.

Miss Dora Winn, who graduates this year, is to have charge of the music at the graduating exercises, which are to be held in the Auditorium.

Mrs. P. E. Bancroft's kindness made it possible for the JOURNAL to enjoy a strawberry festival last evening without a cent of expense. Thanks.

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When the powers that be want to get rid of an official they generally manage to find a way to do it.

The city officers are to have a Saturday half holiday during June, July, and August, and perhaps longer. The new rule went into operation last Saturday. The City Council made the order a week ago, which reads something like this: Public offices open from 8 to 11:30 a. m.; from 2 to 5 p. m.; from 7 to 8 except during the months of June, July and August when they will close at 12 noon on Saturday. The public should take particular notice of this change for so doing annoys may be saved.

The city is a great crowd at the Auditorium last night. The John L. Sullivan Company drew like a 6-ox team and everybody was out. Mr. Thomas W. Kennedy, the enterprising gentleman who brought the Company here, must have made a pile of money. He earned every cent, for he worked hard for a big audience and got it. John L., the ex-fighter, was the central figure, the magnet that attracted the crowd, the kingpin of the show. The entertainment gave unbounded satisfaction.

It is high time to be thinking about a 4th of July celebration. To be sure Bunker Hill Day comes first and must be attended to, but thoughts should be directed towards celebrating the 4th. It is more than likely we may have the taking of Cuba, the possession of Santiago, and the Capture of Porto Rico, to hurrah over before the 4th gets here, but the defeat of the Spaniards all along the line will make the 4th all the more glorious.

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The Mishawum Club have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Heber C. Clewley; Vice-President, Dr. E. G. Blake; Secretary, E. Q. Brackett; Treasurer and Curator, M. Littlefield; Directors, the Officers elect and William Beggs, Herbert L. Richardson and Charles Wright.

Rev. D. W. Waldron, City Missionary of Boston, made contributions to the Fresh Air Fund to send poor children to Rosemary Cottage at Elliot, Maine. It is a worthy cause and we hope our people will respond liberally to his call. Contributions should be sent to Rev. D. W. Waldron, 7-A Beacon street, Room 19, Boston.

James E. Darmody who is the gun jingler of the John L. Sullivan Dramatic Company received an ovation at the Auditorium last night. He is the champion of the world in his line of work. His home is in this city and for years he was a member of the Phalax. If he is successful in mastering an act he will go to London this winter and astonish the Britishers.

Janitor Connolly of City Hall is pleased with the Saturday half holiday for the officers. It allows him to attend church on Sunday, a privilege which he highly prizes and which the former rule sadly interfered with.

It is quite a busy place at Geo. T. Connor's dry goods and variety store. The proprietor isn't finding any fault with trade these days. He keeps a good stock of goods, sells cheap, and gives satisfaction. What more do the people want?

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company celebrated the 260th anniversary of its organization in grand style in Boston last Monday. Dr. Frank W. Graves, Surgeon of the Company, and Col. A. L. Richardson both of this city attended.

The JOURNAL was well pleased last Tuesday afternoon with a visit from its esteemed friend, Mr. George H. Gilbert of Sunnyside, Winchester. His health is much improved and he was bubbling over in good spirits. He will go to his summer home at the Lincoln, Swampscott, in about a fortnight, but we hope he will be obliged to visit First Church, Woburn, every Sunday this summer to get spiritually refreshed.

Alderman Cottle of the sub committee on High School site was easily imposed last Wednesday to designate the exact location which he and Mr. Jones had agreed to report to the whole committee, and for reply solicited the opinion of the interrogator as to the personal merits of a pair of his nice little grandchildren that were with him in the carriage. That was all he would divulge concerning the schoolhouse lot.

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Frank P. Robinson, the artist and an eminent art critic, died at his home in Roxbury last week aged about 53 years. Some time ago he contributed to the columns of the JOURNAL

In our line of Ladies' Shirt Waists we have a fine assortment of the latest styles in the

Well-known

Derby Waists.

These Waists are notably in the front ranks for style, finish and fit. They come in Misses sizes.

COPELAND & BOWSER.



Moth Balls

Packing Camphor

Camphor Crystalline

Camphor Marbles

Some protection against moths and other insects.

A big line. Call and see.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.

361 Main St.

A Boy's Opinion of War.

The following simple story of a boy's thoughts about War was written by John Marrinan living on Winn street, a boy in the Seventh Grade.

To the Editor of the Journal: I am writing and reading on the part of all Public School pupils Mr. Hobbs has kindly consented to give it room in THE JOURNAL.—J. E. Smith.

War is one of the greatest evils the world has ever known. The business of the world is to strive for life, promote health, and everything that helps to weaken the enemy until one or the other is overwhelmed or compelled to surrender, and then the defeated have to obey the conquerors.

There are two kinds of war, civilized and uncivilized. Civilized war is carried on under certain restrictions; for instance, that the prisoners be well fed and taken care of until the war ceases and then either exchanged or given their freedom.

Other conditions are, that bullets that will explode when they strike, or penetrate the body, do not penetrate the skin, and that they do not injure anything else than the body.

The present war is supposed to be a civilized war as it is carried on by civilized nations. I have heard before that war is one of the greatest evils the world has ever known; in fact, I think it is the principal cause of all the greatest evils in the world, the war of resistance, famine and drunkenness.

War and drunkenness are the greatest evils in the world, and the other two can not be helped, but to a certain extent.

There is a great difference between a civilized and uncivilized war.

In uncivilized warfare the weapons used are very simple, such as clubs, axes, bows and arrows, etc., weapons of great strength.

In modern warfare the winners of battles are those possessing the most soldiers and the best weapons and leaders.

The weapons used in modern warfare, such as the Gatling gun, the maxim rapid-fire gun, mines that will throw up a mine, mines, torpedoes, etc., of which we see the largest battleship afloat, the use of dynamite, and the deadly accuracy of the rifles of the soldiers.

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War and drunkenness are the greatest evils in the world, and the other two can not be helped, but to a certain extent.

There is a great difference between a civilized and uncivilized war.

In uncivilized warfare the weapons used are very simple, such as clubs, axes, bows and arrows, etc., weapons of great strength.

In modern warfare the winners of battles are those possessing the most soldiers and the best weapons and leaders.

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North Woburn.

The big lawn party of the North Woburn Athletic Association will take place on the evening of Thursday, June 16, at the grounds of Mr. S. W. Merritt on Elm street. A well-known orchestra has already been hired and will render selections throughout the evening, and this with the other attractions will be sure to draw an immense crowd. An extra large quantity of ice cream has been contracted for so those coming late will not be disappointed as they were last year in not being able to procure any. All the arrangements are working smoothly, and a gratifying success is already assured.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has Lambs Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Lungs, is blood purifier and nerve restorer. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced. It is a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed.





The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 17, 1898.

THE FIFTH TO GO.

Now that it is settled that the Fifth Infantry will be the next to go to the front the regiment is abundantly rewarded for the patience with which it has awaited its call. It goes without saying that the command will make as favorable an impression as the Massachusetts Regiments which have gone before it. Officers who know the Fifth know that there has been no finer body of Infantry in the service of the Commonwealth. — *Boston Journal*.

The compliment which the *Journal* pays the men of the Fifth Regiment is well deserved. Col. Whitney is a Veteran and was a gallant soldier, and the Companies are made up of as good fighting material as there is in the State.

The sooner the Regiment are called for the better they will like it. They have waited patiently for their turn.

Verily it was a case of "great' ery and little wool." Charley P. Buckley was duly initiated and installed driver of Hook & Ladder truck 1, last Saturday evening. A great hullabaloo had been raised over the matter; there had been talk of Mr. Young refusing to vacate; of mandamus, injunctions, and all sorts of terrible things; but none of them panned out; when possession was requested of him last Saturday Young gave up the keys and things in the most peaceful manner, and nothing could have been livelier.

Young had too much sense to listen to his alleged friends and enter into an expensive lawsuit over the business.

The alleged friends wouldn't pony up and help him pay the shot, and he knew it. Reason for the change?

Simply, Chief Littlefield didn't want Young any longer but did want Charley Buckley, and he got what he wanted.

Perhaps it was not so much Young that Chief Littlefield wanted as the late Chief, although of course he would have a good driver for the H. & L., who would be loyal to him, which he knows Buckley will be.

Littlefield did no more than anybody else would have done under the circumstances.

Young is a strong partisan of the ex-Chief; Buckley was Littlefield's driver under the old regime; Littlefield takes care of his friends and lets his enemies take care of themselves if they can.

Chief Littlefield is on top; that is all there is to it.

He didn't want Young for driver, and Young is out; he did want Buckley, and Buckley is in. "Let us want peace."

D. J. Flanders, Esq., General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Boston & Maine Railroad System, has issued pictorial guidebooks, of rare beauty and value to the tourist, to the innumerable summer resorts embraced by the Company's various lines into Northern New England and the British Provinces, which can be obtained by application to the Boston office. There is no desirable spot, by the sea, among the mountains, on the lakes and rivers, or at rural retreats, that is not reached by the Boston & Maine's great system of roads. Their splendid equipped trains run to every seaside resort on the New England coast north of Boston, to the great lakes and fishing waters of Maine, the mountains of New Hampshire, and the green hills of Vermont. The vacationist may make choice of any nook or corner of Northern New England for his summer rest and recreation, and be sure of reaching it easily and speedily by some line or other of the B. & M. System. Their cars and train service is the best in the country, and a portion of the delights of a summer's outing to the ocean or the mountains is the ride on these luxurious trains.

An absurd story was published in the papers Tuesday afternoon to the effect that Germany had concentrated a large fleet of war vessels at Manila with hostile intent towards the United States. Germany is not seeking a quarrel with Uncle Sam, and the story no doubt had its origin in the brain of conscientious newsmongers who sent it out "just to fill up." Readers of city newspapers should have learned by this time that but very little reliance is to be placed on their reports, especially concerning events that have not happened. It should be remembered that the utmost secrecy concerning intended movements is maintained in the War and Navy Departments and that the press censorship is exceedingly strict, so that really a great share of what the papers publish as news is merely guess-work, and a pretty poor article of it, at that.

We are informed by those who pretend to keep run of such matters that Representative Wood has a clear field for a third term in the General Court. The desire for his re-election is stronger than it was last year if anything, for he has made a good record, has looked after the interests of his constituents carefully and with intelligence, and his experience will enable him to do still better work next year. The common people are especially anxious for his re-election. Representative Grimes, we understand, appears to be equally certain of being returned this fall. He is a young man of much more ordinary ability, of sterling character, and has won an influential position in the House. The District cannot do better this fall than to re-elect these two gentlemen.

We are indebted to Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for a copy of Part I, Vol. 5, of the Census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which we are thankful for. The volume treats of manufactures which, next to population, is the most important and interesting of any part of the census reports. The only trouble about this census business is that such a long time elapses before it gets into the hands of the people. To con the return of 1895 in the middle of 1898 seems very much like ancient history.

Admiral Dewey's report of the battle at Manila was received at Washington last Monday. It is an elaboration of the despatches sent home at the time but is more satisfying and shows better for our fleet than they did, if that were possible.



We have some  
bargainin Ladies  
Kid, Button and  
Lace BOOTS,  
SIZES:  
2½, 3, and 3½

Which we will sell less than  
cost to make.

We also have what is called  
Ladies' full ankle Boots, Opera  
Toe, and very stylish, for \$2.00  
and \$2.50.

J. LEATHIE,  
425 Main St., Woburn

Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green  
st., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines  
for \$10.00 and up. Any first class  
make for \$30.00. Call or write.—if.

Mr. Charles H. Taylor has an  
order to take a large lot of photographic  
views in Lexington. His name as an  
outdoor artist is not confined to this  
city.

Our bow to Principal Owen for  
"coups" to the 11th Annual Drill of  
the Woburn High School Battalion at  
7:45 this Friday, evening at Armory  
Hall.

Superintendent Wallis tells our  
reporter that bids for the Woburn  
Electric Light & Power Company's  
new plant have been received at his  
office.

Parents will find it to their ad-  
vantage to read Miss Lang's advertise-  
ment of special rates to beginners for  
Summer Term commencing Tuesday,  
July 5.

We received a friendly call from  
Mr. J. E. Marion of Nahant, a native  
and former resident of Burlington, a  
few days ago. He likes his home by  
the sea.

Mrs. Maria Winn has already  
taken up her summer abode at the sea-  
side. In the course of three or four  
weeks others will flock in the same  
direction.

Highland Hose Company had a  
big raising last Wednesday evening.  
There was music by the Band, speech-  
making, and other good things. It  
was a jolly affair.

City Treasurer Buck is house-  
fast with an attack of malaria. He  
hasn't missed any at the Treasurer's  
office, for John Elmer attends to the  
business in firstrate shape.

We direct attention to the ad-  
vertisement of "A Gypsy Camp" in this  
paper. As the JOURNAL said last week  
it is going to be "the greatest show on  
earth." Be sure and patronize it.

Librarian Cutler, Mr. Alexander  
Grant and his daughter attended the  
Tufts College Class Day last Friday.  
The Company have a large market in  
London and other foreign cities for  
their products and the supposition is  
that Mr. Lund's visit across the water  
is chiefly for business purposes.

On account of the closing of the  
postoffice we are obliged to print the  
JOURNAL on Thursday evening. It  
will get so by and by that the days that  
are not holidays will be an exception to  
the rule.

Graduated, with honors, June 1  
from Boston University, Dr. Wilmet  
Leighton Marden of Lynn, son of H.  
W. and M. E. Marden, and grandson  
of the late James McFeely of North  
Woburn.

Ernest Hartwell takes the cake  
for a display of Old Glory. No less  
than four bright banners adorn his de-  
livery wagon and as it goes through  
the streets it looks like a 4th of July  
celebration.

Many friends of Mr. and Mrs.  
William W. Wade were gratifying that  
happy couple last Saturday on the  
addition that day of a daughter to  
their family, their firstborn. The  
JOURNAL does likewise.

At 5 o'clock Monday morning,  
an old unoccupied house on Centre street  
was burned up, or nearly so. Some  
boys were in it trying to learn to smoke  
and accidentally set fire to the premises.  
The loss was not heavy.

Aberjona Colony visited the  
Moses P. Brown Colony at East Bos-  
ton yesterday.

The Hibernians are preparing for  
a Lawn Party and Dance on the  
evening of July 1.

The 4th of July comes on Mon-  
day, washing day. Which brings two  
days together.

Cuneo & Crovo are still ahead on  
the strawberry controversy. They keep  
the best and sell cheap.

E. H. Richards and J. H. Parker  
got back from their Maine fishing  
trip last Wednesday evening.

The High School Battalion annual  
drill will take place this evening.  
Yesterday was their Field Day.

A man wants a situation as  
driver of an express wagon or any  
other. Good recommendations. See  
me.

There was a good rain last Monday  
night and early Tuesday. It is what  
the farmers call growing weather. They  
like it.

Miss Reardon will be given a  
summer telegraph station by the  
Company, and after that a permanent  
situation probably.

That "Boston East Wind" is  
still putting in its work in these parts.  
Almost always dries up before the June.

A. L. Richardson & Brother  
manufacture American flags promptly  
and neatly of the best bunting and do  
not lack for orders.

Graduation Day will soon get  
along, and won't some young people  
feel happy when it is over? The 29th  
of June is the date.

Mr. E. H. Richards went to  
Raugely Lakes last week for fish.  
He was accompanied by Joe Henry  
Parker, both famous fisherman.

The candlepin tournament of the  
Towson closed Wednesday evening.  
H. E. Lord won highest prize on 83.  
Team 3 won highest team prize.

The annual Police vacation will  
begin on June 19. Officers Roach and  
McKenna are the first to go out.  
Chief McDermott takes his later on.

Admiral Dewey's report of the  
battle at Manila was received at Wash-  
ington last Monday. It is an elabora-  
tion of the despatches sent home at the  
time but is more satisfying and shows  
better for our fleet than they did, if  
that were possible.

It was reported that Private  
James McColligan, who was killed in  
the 13 hours' fight between Lieut.  
Huntington's Battalion of U. S.  
Marines at Guantanamo Harbor, Cuba,  
and a force of Spanish guerrillas and  
regulars last Saturday afternoon and  
night, was a Woburn man although  
credited to Stoneham, but a careful  
investigation fails to substantiate the  
story. The Marines had a long hard  
fight, four of them being killed and  
several wounded, but succeeded, with  
the aid of reinforcements from the  
Marblehead, in repulsing the Spaniards  
and planting the Stars and Stripes on  
Cuban soil.

The South Middlesex Conference,  
of which Rev. Henry C. Parker of  
this city is Secretary, held its 79th  
regular session in the Unitarian church  
at Wellesley Hills last Wednesday.  
Several Woburn ladies and gentlemen  
attended it.

The Knights of Columbus cele-  
brated the 5th anniversary of their  
organization in this city last night at the  
Auditorium. A neat musical pro-  
gramme was rendered. Miss Lottie  
Cahalan played a cornet solo admirably.  
She is a fine cornetist.

Some people claim that the bicycle  
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# THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLVIII.

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Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 29.

**Boston & Maine Railroad.**

Southern Division.

OCT. 3, 1897.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5:55, 6:14, 6:44, 7:12, 7:39, 8:12, 9:18, 10:1, 10:18, 10:29, 10:30, 10:31, 10:32, 10:33, 10:34, 10:35, 10:36, 10:37, 10:38, 10:39, 10:40, 10:41, 10:42, 10:43, 10:44, 10:45, 10:46, 10:47, 10:48, 10:49, 10:50, 10:51, 10:52, 10:53, 10:54, 10:55, 10:56, 10:57, 10:58, 10:59, 10:60, 10:61, 10:62, 10:63, 10:64, 10:65, 10:66, 10:67, 10:68, 10:69, 10:70, 10:71, 10:72, 10:73, 10:74, 10:75, 10:76, 10:77, 10:78, 10:79, 10:80, 10:81, 10:82, 10:83, 10:84, 10:85, 10:86, 10:87, 10:88, 10:89, 10:90, 10:91, 10:92, 10:93, 10:94, 10:95, 10:96, 10:97, 10:98, 10:99, 10:100, 10:101, 10:102, 10:103, 10:104, 10:105, 10:106, 10:107, 10:108, 10:109, 10:110, 10:111, 10:112, 10:113, 10:114, 10:115, 10:116, 10:117, 10:118, 10:119, 10:120, 10:121, 10:122, 10:123, 10:124, 10:125, 10:126, 10:127, 10:128, 10:129, 10:130, 10:131, 10:132, 10:133, 10:134, 10:135, 10:136, 10:137, 10:138, 10:139, 10:140, 10:141, 10:142, 10:143, 10:144, 10:145, 10:146, 10:147, 10:148, 10:149, 10:150, 10:151, 10:152, 10:153, 10:154, 10:155, 10:156, 10:157, 10:158, 10:159, 10:160, 10:161, 10:162, 10:163, 10:164, 10:165, 10:166, 10:167, 10:168, 10:169, 10:170, 10:171, 10:172, 10:173, 10:174, 10:175, 10:176, 10:177, 10:178, 10:179, 10:180, 10:181, 10:182, 10:183, 10:184, 10:185, 10:186, 10:187, 10:188, 10:189, 10:190, 10:191, 10:192, 10:193, 10:194, 10:195, 10:196, 10:197, 10:198, 10:199, 10:200, 10:201, 10:202, 10:203, 10:204, 10:205, 10:206, 10:207, 10:208, 10:209, 10:210, 10:211, 10:212, 10:213, 10:214, 10:215, 10:216, 10:217, 10:218, 10:219, 10:220, 10:221, 10:222, 10:223, 10:224, 10:225, 10:226, 10:227, 10:228, 10:229, 10:230, 10:231, 10:232, 10:233, 10:234, 10:235, 10:236, 10:237, 10:238, 10:239, 10:240, 10:241, 10:242, 10:243, 10:244, 10:245, 10:246, 10:247, 10:248, 10:249, 10:250, 10:251, 10:252, 10:253, 10:254, 10:255, 10:256, 10:257, 10:258, 10:259, 10:260, 10:261, 10:262, 10:263, 10:264, 10:265, 10:266, 10:267, 10:268, 10:269, 10:270, 10:271, 10:272, 10:273, 10:274, 10:275, 10:276, 10:277, 10:278, 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10:904, 10:905, 10:906, 10:907, 10:908, 10:909, 10:910, 10:911, 10:912, 10:913, 10:914, 10:915, 10:916, 10:917, 10:918, 10:919, 10:920, 10:921, 10:922, 10:923, 10:924, 10:925, 10:926, 10:927, 10:9

## The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

## "EDUCATION SUNDAY."

It is safe to say that the plan to observe day after tomorrow as "Education Sunday" at the First church meets the approval of every well regulated mind in the city. The person who suggested it did well, for the influence of the day cannot but make for moral and intellectual elevation and be felt in the right direction.

A letter in this issue of the JOURNAL addressed to Principal Owen of the High School by Mr. Oliver F. Bryant, Clerk of the church, gives an explanation of the proceedings and objects sought by keeping "Education Day" in the way proposed, therefore no comments on the plan and design need be attempted by the JOURNAL.

As the High School graduating class of '98 is the body particularly invited and to be given especial attention it is surmised that the sermon will partake of the nature of a baccalaureate, a very proper idea and one that is becoming every year more in vogue. In these times there is greater need of educating the moral parts of the young than their intellects. Brains will do their share all right, but the habit of pure living is not so easily maintained. Everybody starts out in life with it, but associations often break it.

It is expected that "Education Sunday" at First church on June 26, will be interesting and profitable to all concerned.

## FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

It is announced by authority that Herbert S. Riley, Esq., Chairman of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee, a position which has been ably filled by him for several years, will be a candidate to succeed Representative Wood in the next Legislature. He has many friends who think his loyalty to and good work in behalf of the Republican Party in this Representative District entitle him to the position and they propose to put forth their best endeavors to secure it for him this fall.

While the candidacy of Mr. Riley will not lessen the heartiness of the JOURNAL's support of Mr. Wood, we are free to confess that, with Mr. Wood out of the race, he would receive a warm endorsement from the JOURNAL and all the aid in its power to give.

Mr. Riley is a good lawyer, a respected citizen, an honest man, and his friends are numerous and true. His labors for the success of the Republican Party and principles deserve recognition and we are not surprised at all at the present movement to elect him a Representative to the General Court. If elected he would fill the position with credit to all concerned.

## THE PATRIOTIC CITIZENS OF WOBURN

Will see to it that the boys, of Co. A, 5th Regt., Mass. Volunteers, are as well provided with articles of clothing, such as shoes, stockings, underwear, &c., as those from other towns and cities, that have preceded them. If the City Council cannot, or will not, appropriate a sum sufficient to supply them with the necessary outfit, the money can, and we believe will, be raised by subscription.

To that end a meeting of the Honorary Members of the Company will be held at the Armory, Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, and all patriotic citizens are invited to join with them. The time is short as the company are expected to leave Woburn not later than Thursday next. Whatever is done must be done quickly.

It is hoped there will be a prompt and generous response to this appeal. It is expected that the meeting of Fine, or Honorary, Members will arrange at the Saturday evening meeting for a Grand Mass Meeting to be held at the Auditorium on Tuesday evening, June 28.

## THE WAR.

There has been but little change in the war situation since our last issue.

The transports with 20,000 troops arrived near Santiago last Monday but they have not yet landed and there is no certainty just when they will go ashore. Even after they land the country will be obliged to wait some time before it hears of any fighting.

Troops for Admiral Dewey were expected to arrive early this week, but if they have done so the news has not reached America.

There is considerable activity in the various camps, but nobody knows when the soldiers will leave for Cuba. Gen. Miles says there will be no departure on the Island until fall—October or November. Secretary Alger favors an early move; which course will be adopted no one knows.

In the mean time peace rumors prevail at Madrid, but chiefly among the newspaper correspondents there.

LATER.—The troops were safely landed Wednesday morning without resistance from the Spaniards.

## FOR THE WARS.

It is now expected that the 5th Regiment will go to Camp Dewey next week and that Company G will leave about Thursday, June 30. This is Capt. Hanson's belief at the present time.

In view of the Company's departure a meeting of the Fine Members of the Phalanx will be held at the Armory next Saturday evening for the purpose of making plans to give the boys such a farewell as they deserve and will be a credit to the city.

Capt. E. F. Wyer, who is President of the Fine Members Association, hopes the meeting will be fully attended.

It is meet that the Company should have a royal sendoff.

## HAWAII.

A vote cast on the question of adjournment in the U. S. Senate last Tuesday was a test of the relative strength of the friends and foes on the annexation of Hawaii. It stood 44 to 15 in favor of annexation, which settles the question affirmatively when the final vote is reached.

Although the friends of the measure had a doubt but that they had a majority of the Senate on their side the result of the test was a great and agreeable surprise to them.

## A SUGGESTION.

It is proposed to hold a celebration in honor of Company G, when they leave here next week for Framingham. That is highly proper.

This is the suggestion: interviews with Captain Hanson and some of his men have led to the conclusion that the Company would prefer that the money raised for such a celebration, or the major part of it, should be expended in good serviceable wearing apparel for the soldiers rather than for music, fireworks and the like, which being the case, why not dispense with some of the sound and show and substitute for them a lot of good shoes or other articles equally as useful in their service for Uncle Sam?

This is simply a suggestion.

Some of the Charlestown people are indignant over the rejection of their townsmen Mr. Oakes by Col. Whitney as Lieutenant Colonel of the 5th, but no special complaints are heard from any other quarter. It is fair to presume that Col. Whitney knew what he was about when he declined to appoint Lieut. Col. Oakes, the position which he held in the 5th M. V. M., and it is not observed that the line are kicking much over his action. The public know but little about the case, but it is safe to say that a disclosure of all the facts would sustain Col. Whitney.

Everybody respects Senator Morrill of Vermont but he outlived his usefulness in National councils years ago. The trouble with him is that he can't realize that he belongs to a past generation. His age is 88 years.

Congressman Knox's manly and patriotic course in the National House insures him pretty nearly a walkover at the next election. He sustains the Administration.

## LOCAL NEWS.

## New Advertisements.

CITY LICENSES.

E. H. Richards—To Let.  
J. W. Johnson—Citation.  
John C. Bunker—Bunker.  
John S. Cassidy—Candy.  
J. G. Maguire—Adm't Sales.  
J. M. Merriman—Mail Sales.

## MASS MEETING.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians having generously tendered the free use of the Auditorium to the citizens of Woburn for the purpose it is now expected that the whole city will assemble in Grand Mass Meeting there on Tuesday evening, June 28, for the purpose of raising funds with which to honor Company G, 5th Regiment, on their departure for camp, in a manner which their loyalty and services richly merit and to give them something pleasant to remember all their lives.

Should the Meeting be held, of which there seems to be no doubt, there will be a plenty of eloquent oratory and stirring martial music, with perhaps some songs and stories.

Let the Auditorium be packed to the brim with patriotic people.

Mishawum Road Corner is ablaze with bunting.

Last Sunday was one of the rainiest days of the season.

This is St. John's Day, the day that Free Masons celebrate.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Poole are in camp on Concord river.

The Woburns and Lexingtons will play a game of ball tomorrow.

Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card next to last column, this page.

Cooper, the real estate man, has run out a flag from his office windows.

Mr. A. L. Holdridge had an enthusiastic flagraining at his residence last week.

The days are at their greatest length. Tomorrow are they will shorten one minute.

Lawyer Bond says there are not so many song birds in our groves this summer as usual.

Durward has had home-made green peas several days. He runs an up to date market.

Miss Marian T. Hosmer was guest of Mrs. Jennie K. Adams at Nahant on Wednesday.

Varnish don't fasten sitters to the walls of the Auditorium any more. It has been scraped off.

Cuneo & Crovo have nice this year's peaches in great abundance. They look and eat fine.

Col. Whitney thinks the 5th will go into camp at Framingham next Wednesday or Thursday.

Mrs. A. M. Winn is at her summer retreat in Swampscott where she will remain three months.

Everybody at the "Dewey" strawberry festival Tuesday evening was being red, white and blue.

Charles R. Rosengut, 36 Green st., Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for \$10.00 and up. Any first class man for \$30.00. Call or write—it.

Capt. E. F. Wyer attended the funeral of one of his comrades in the Civil War at Brookline last Wednesday.

Particular attention is asked for the new notice of Mr. Geo. T. Connor in this paper. Everything is O.K. at his store.

All signs point to a quiet 4th of July in Woburn. If anything different is contemplated it hasn't got noised abroad yet.

What a grist of schoolmarm in the raw will be turned loose on the public from the schools and colleges this summer!

The Five Cents Savings Bank will hold a meeting on the evening of July 1 to choose officers for the then ensuing year.

Lawyer Lounsbury has recovered from his last illness and is attending to professional business at his Boston and Woburn offices.

Mr. E. A. Pierce has opened a fine office in Fowle Block for the sale of "Residential Woburn" and to do a general business.

We care on the question of adjournment in the U. S. Senate last Tuesday was a test of the relative strength of the friends and foes on the annexation of Hawaii. It stood 44 to 15 in favor of annexation, which settles the question affirmatively when the final vote is reached.

Although the friends of the measure had a doubt but that they had a majority of the Senate on their side the result of the test was a great and agreeable surprise to them.

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This is simply a suggestion.

## THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1898.

We have some  
bargains in Ladies  
Kid, Button and  
Lace BOOTS,  
SIZES:  
21, 3, and 34



Which we will sell less than  
cost to make.

We also have what is called  
Ladies' Ankle Boots, Opera  
and very stylish, for \$2.00  
and up.

J. LEATHIE,  
425 Main St., Woburn

St. Charles C. T. A. Society  
will hold their grand strawberry festi-  
val this evening in the Auditorium.  
Let everybody go.

Icecream vendors say this has  
been a mighty poor season for the sale  
of their wares. Hot oyster stews have  
been in greater demand.

Forest Hooper, one of the best  
business men we have among us, will  
probably go into the plumbing supplies  
business in Boston soon.

Our esteemed neighbor Wilson of  
the Winchester Star went off with the  
Press Association on a jamboree to  
Nova Scotia last Sunday.

Particular attention is asked for  
Miss Josephine Lang's card in this  
paper. She begins the summer term  
of her piano teaching on July 5.

Mr. E. H. Richards advertises  
a fraterne tenement to let at a cheap  
price. It is right in the center of the  
town, a few steps from Pleasant st.

The Board of Public Works ought  
to take a vacation pretty soon. The  
discharge of the duties of the office  
have been very trying to the constitutive.

Mr. Gilman F. Jones is agent for  
the sale and lease of some of the best  
real estate in this part of the country.  
Purchasers and renters like to deal with  
him.

The list of spartans for the Mayor-  
ship is growing. Some new names  
have recently been added. But Mayor  
Feeley will probably be his own success-  
or.

We are not exactly holding our  
breath until it comes along but at the  
same time our hope of seeing that  
Library Park materialize is buoyant and  
strong.

It must be acknowledged that  
Supt. French knows how to build a  
house. The work on Montvale ave.,  
proves it. It will last many years  
without repairs.

High legal authority to the con-  
trary notwithstanding, there is no such  
a thing as a Board of Fire Engineers in  
this city. The charter provides for  
nothing of the kind.

Mr. Charles H. Greenleaf, driver for  
American Express Company Co., has  
been nursing a sore leg this week  
occasioned by being run into by a  
motor car last Friday.

Cooper, the real estate man, has  
run out a flag from his office windows.

Inquiries are ripe as to the status  
of it has, of the Provisional Mili-  
tary Company which it is proposed to  
organize to take the place of Co. G in  
the State Militia. We regret to be  
compelled to confess our ignorance  
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The story that the Nichols fire  
Wednesday was caused by the explosion  
of a naphtha tank was not true.  
Mr. Nichols said there was no naphtha  
in the building that he was aware of.

The "Gypsy Camp" on the grounds  
of Mr. Robert B. Eaton, Wyman  
Green, last Wednesday evening, was  
a fine affair. There was a large at-  
tendance and everything passed off  
smoothly.

Littlefield accepted an invitation from  
Mr. Almy Carter, who graduates this  
year, and will attend the Class Day  
exercises at Harvard College to-day.

The examination of Company G  
by the Army Surgeons will be held at  
the Armory tomorrow, June 25. This  
is in accordance with a plan laid out  
several days ago by the Surgeons.

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It is to be hoped that other de-  
nominations will adopt the idea of  
"Education Sunday" and fall in  
and help establish it as a regular custom to  
be participated in by each of the  
churches in the city. "Education Sunday"  
is a good thing and our schools  
can't have too much of it. Principal  
Owen approves of it heartily.

Mr. Frank C. Nichols was down  
to Littlejohn Island in Portland Harbor  
last week to prepare for a summer  
residence there. We have heard that he  
is quite a landed proprietor on  
Littlejohn and other Woburn people  
who have visited the Island are loud in  
their praise of it. It is doubtless one  
of the finest resorts in Casco Bay.

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Owen approves of it heartily.

John E. Moore, son of Mr.  
Thomas Moore of the Board of Public  
Works, arrived home from Georgetown  
University, where he is a student, last  
Wednesday. He has changed in per-  
sonal appearance during his absence  
and the girls say he is the finest boy  
in the city. He is doubtless one  
of the finest boys in the city.

— Mr. Worthy, who is the  
head of the class from Harvard College  
this year. Both he and Miss Grant  
left the Woburn High School with  
Class '94, and each graduated from  
their respective colleges with honors.  
It would not be at all surprising if  
Principal Owen were feeling just a bit  
proud of some of his former pupils.

— Sunday, June 26, will be observed  
by the Unitarianas Children's Sunday  
and appropriate services will be held in  
the church auditorium by the Sunday  
School at 10:30 A. M. We print the  
program in another column.

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Feeding the Fire.

The most powerful engine must stop if the fires are not fed. Man in the most delicate condition in the world yet no matter how strong and well made his body from time may be, the fire of life within him is most constantly at his limit, and muscles become powerless and useless. The reason men become helpless and disease is but the fire the food they eat which is the fuel of life, is not properly digested and appropriated by the stomach and nutritive organs. It is not completely trashed into the strength and working power which is to sustain the system and the engine.

He had been there some six months now, was old and feeble and apparently without money. He raised some potatoes for his own use and kept a few hens in an underground henhouse, which after infinite toil he had dug out. Peters, who owned the place, was working at his trade of blacksmith down in Ontario, and it was generally supposed that he kept Jacobs supplied in groceries on condition he would live on the place and keep off grubbers.

Edsen had long coveted this 100 acres which comprised Peters' homestead. But there was a certain unwritten code of honor in the district which opposed, on principle, the jumping of others' claims, and this had made Wade hesitate about seizing it. Edsen, however, had no such scruples. He reflected that if he waited till the disappearance of the snow and the spring immigration he would lose his chance. He accordingly resolved to turn the old man out neck and crop at once, whose existence he had already burdened with continual threats.

No word was spoken between the two men as they rode on in Indian file. The air, which had been intensely cold and still all day, began to grow warmer. At the same time an occasional gust of wind threw a cloud of fine snow against the mules' feet and then died away as quickly as it had come. It was getting dark, and increasing their pace they soon arrived at Jacobs' shanty. But the old man, who was standing outside splitting firewood, had seen them coming a long way off, their mounted figures standing boldly outlined against an ominous bank of clouds which the setting sun was now staining to a lurid red. Eric, making Jim a sign to hold his tongue, hailed the old man thus:

"How long before Peters comes back, Jacobs?"

"That I cannot just say for certain."

"I suppose you know that he has already been off his place more than six months right along?"

"Ay, I guess maybe he has."

"I suppose, then, you know that Peters has forfeited his place under the homestead act?"

"Well, as to that, I can't say. I'm here to hold it for him, being, you see, a kind of chum, and I guess he's as good a right to it as any one, seeing he's done improvements on it."

"That doesn't count for nothing unless he lives on it," retorted Edsen, "and, besides, my pal here" (pointing to Jim, who, with sheepish face was beating his mitts together to keep the blood circulating), "wants this place, and he's going to have it, so you'd better turn out inside of 24 hours, or we'll make the place too hot to hold you. Do you hear?"

"Ay, I hear you, Eric Edsen," replied the old man, his eyes kindling and grasping his at a trifle more firmly. "You're threatened before now, but I'm here still, and if you want the claim you'll have to take it by force over my dead body, for I swear to my chum that I'll hold it, and I'll keep my oath if I die for it."

"We'll see about that," hissed Edsen through his teeth. "We'll burn you out, shack and all, bundle of useless bones that you are, if you're not out of here by this time tomorrow."

Then he called to Jim: "Come on. It's waste of time talking. Looks as if we were in for a bad night, and our hour all out. I hope Serge will get back from Grand Forks tomorrow or we'll be in a tight fix."

Wheeling his mule, and turning in the Mexican saddle to shake his fist at the old man, he shouted back, "I've warned you square enough; this time tomorrow, and both putting their mules into a gallop he rapidly disappeared in the fast falling darkness.

The old man slowly gathered up his wood in little bundles and carried them in, shut his door tight, replenished the stove and sat down. So this was the end of it all, he sadly thought, the end of all the lonely life he had led. Tomorrow he would have to fight for his home, perhaps his life, or abandon everything.

He rapidly considered. From the look of the sky, one of Dakota's terrible blizzards was threatening. If he decided to leave, he would have to tramp five miles to reach the nearest shelter; his clothing was poor, quite inadequate for such a journey even in calm weather, much less in a storm. There was no trail; the temperature was 23 degrees below zero, but then, if he dare not venture out, neither dare they; the coming storm would keep them at home too. This slight gleam of hope encouraged him.

He rose and opened the door, but that only made matters worse. Fast and furious went the buzzsaw and long went the bang! bang! went something. The noise stopped.

While all this rattling din was going on Grant looked as innocent as a lamb, and in the profound silence that followed he began:

"And as I was going to remark, if we subtract equation E from equation A we have," etc.

I mention this to show how he could conceal his emotions, for it was that alarm watch in his bosom that caused all the commotion. It had been set to go off, and it did go off.

water. A quarter of a mile from where they left this trail they would come to another shanty similar to their own, roughly built of two layers of slabs with tar paper between, where lived, or rather existed, the man Jacobs.

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## THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Mariana St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HELEN DAVIS, No. 801 Windley St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb in abdomen and bearing down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After deteriorating for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I decided to take your Vegetable Compound and have been greatly relieved."

Taking his blankets, he spread them on his camp bed, and crammed the fire box of the stove, lay down. But he did not sleep. Long practice had enabled him to do no more than doze. He knew he must keep the stove alight if he was to keep himself alive, lying still in that wretched shack. All night the wind increased in violence, and when morning broke the landscape was literally blotted out.

The blizzard had come. During all that day the old man kept close, never even going outside to saw wood. He had eaten cut for 24 hours; perhaps the weather would moderate then. He shuddered at the thought of what moderate weather might bring for him, and drew closer still to the small, miserable stove. The clock on the wall seemed to him to tick monotonously on: "What then? What then? What then?" He closed his ears to shut it out, but still he could hear its diabolical insinuation eating into his very soul.

Toward night the storm reached its height. It had already raged 36 hours, and the old man smiled to himself as he reflected that more than 24 hours had already gone since the threat had been made. He passed another restless night, and with dawn of day looked out. The storm was evidently moderating but the cold was becoming more intense. Through that morning the blood streams from each head, and getting into the birds' eyes makes sight very uncertain. Then they stagger about and try to clear their eyes by brushing them under the opponent's wing.

To the casual spectator who does not know the deeper tragedy of the bird ring these fights are at first very trying, and the ferocity and determination of the birds result in splashing the pit posts with blood. Ultimately one gets home with a fatal blow, the other falls, and the victor, standing over triumphantly, pecks his enemy to death, often succumbing from exhaustion while so engaged, for a hard fight leaves the victor nearly as exhausted as the vanquished. In a Spanish cock-fight the interest of the spectators is augmented by betting.

Soon as the birds appear the knowing ones make one of them a favorite, laying very slight odds. When the rattle comes, the betting varies, as the bird that succeeds in drawing first blood has the better chance. The good judges keep perfectly cool, the amateurs get wildly excited and plunge. Consequently in a few moments the old hands stand to win without risk of loss by a little judicious hedging, while their opponents are badly off. That is the time to see the low class Spaniard in his most dangerous aspect. Scowls; he curses; sometimes he laughs; the amateurs get wildly excited and plunge. Consequently in a few moments the old hands stand to win without risk of loss by a little judicious hedging, while their opponents are badly off. That is the time to see the low class Spaniard in his most dangerous aspect. Scowls; he curses; sometimes he laughs; the amateurs get wildly excited and plunge. 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